

# The Nation

VOL. XXVIII., No. 11.]  
Postage U.K. and Abroad 1d

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1920.

[PRICE 9D.  
Registered as a Newspaper.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	373	H. Lees, S. B. John, Wilfrid Mansel, John F. King, and D. C. Maxwell ..	387
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. J. M. ...	390
The Betrayal ...	376	Reviews:—	
Peace or —? ...	377	Eminent Victorians. By George Sampson ...	392
Fair Play for France ...	378	The Japanese Terror in Korea ...	392
THE PLIGHT OF GERMANY.		Mr. Thomas on Mr. Masterman ...	394
By G. Lowes Dickinson ...	389	Mr. Masterman on Mr. Thomas ...	396
THE STORY OF CROOK PARK ...	381	BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	398
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	382	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Our City Editor ...	400
LIFE AND LETTERS:—			
The Whited City of God. By Sir Sydney Olivier ...	384		
On True Self-Determination. By J. A. H. ...	385		
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By A. B., J. E. Roberts, John			

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

It would be inaccurate to say that the "truce of God" in Ireland was over. It never began. Mr. George's dove (if it was his) never even left its ark in Downing Street, for the moment its flight was bruited abroad the military party took their measures to stop it. The Prime Minister discussed with Mr. Russell the assembly of Dáil Eireann. Promptly, as many Irish members as could be found, beginning with Mr. Griffith, were laid by the heels. Sir Hamar Greenwood announced that nothing short of the unconditional surrender of the rebels would be acceptable; and, by way of closing any door that might be left open, the placard of the "Morning Post" announced that Sinn Féin had hoisted the white flag. Seeing that the Government meant war, or a peace of utter submission, negotiated behind the backs of their leaders, moderate and extreme, Ireland drew back. Mr. Henderson's peace mission failed, and Sir Horace Plunkett, a constitutionalist to the backbone, declaring that he saw no hope, laid the whole blame on the back of the Government. The failure is said to be due to Mr. George's weakness in face of the militarists in Ireland and the extremists in his own Cabinet. That seems to us to add to his guilt. If he thought and said that the time was opportune for peace, it is on his conscience that he should let men who sit at his side snatch it from him.

THE national position on the problem of State economy, which the House of Commons is discussing as we write, is, roughly, as follows. The Government are steering straight for a Budget of about fifteen hundred millions a year (they are already up to a twelve hundred million Budget). The economists are trying to draw them down to an expenditure of something over nine hundred millions, made up of £435,000,000, based on the scale of pre-war costs of administration, and £475,000,000 of

new charges (war pensions and interest and sinking fund on the Debt). If they win, over £270,000,000 of expenditure must be cut away. This economy the Government will not, and cannot, effect, nor do the "anti-wastrels" party, who are really a branch of the "wastrel" family, mean to help them. For this party accepts the three hundred millions or so of destructive expenditure (on armaments), and attacks only the productive expenditure (education and health), and the slop-over of departmental waste and incompetence. The attack, therefore, is one-third real, two-thirds *camouflage*.

CHEEK by jowl with a Press campaign against Governmental extravagance there starts a renewal of the scare-cry for a new big navy. On the old basis of a "Two-Power Standard," the naval expenditure for this year amounts to nearly 100 million pounds (more than two and a-half times the pre-war sum). That is no obstacle to the conspiracy of navalists, ship-builders, and their political backers to launch a new building programme. The pre-Jutland type of ships, we are now told, is obsolete and must be scrapped. New types must take their places. What types? Experts are confident in their mutual disagreement as to types, and agree only in inciting us to build, lest the next war find us unprepared. Sir Percy Scott, in a brilliant letter to the "Times," demonstrates that the reign of the big battleship is over. The big battleship fanatics set up their idol again. Can lunacy be carried further?

AGAINST whom is this new sea defence and offence to be directed? Against Germany, whose ships lie at the bottom of the sea, and whose naval resurrection for many years to come is quite impossible? Against our allies, France and Italy? Setting aside the perfidy of such a thought, our actual superiority of strength at sea makes the suggestion ridiculous. The only Powers we can conceivably be supposed to have in mind are the United States, our kinsman and associate, and Japan, our one great Ally by treaty. Is it our object to invite these Powers to a competition of naval armaments? In each country the same political and business interests are boosting a similar extravagance, in each case with a more plausible case than our own. America is already provisionally committed to an expenditure which, at existing rates, will give her a superior navy to ours in 1924. Do we want her to outbuild us? It may be said we must not let her. We must take care to outbuild her. But there is one absolutely crushing answer. We cannot successfully enter on a shipbuilding competition with America, which has twice our population and four times our resources, if she is disposed to use them. And she will be disposed, if our navalists have their way.

Look at the case these lunatics are giving to the patrioteers and profiteers of a naval scare in America, for running a "Two-Power Standard" navy. She has two home oceans to guard. In each is a great naval Power. Japan, she believes, may at any time be her enemy. But Japan is our ally. Great Britain is not her enemy, but can hardly rely upon friendship, or avoid suspicion of an intention to abuse her sea supremacy. Look at our sea policy from American eyes. We cut out "Freedom of the Seas" from Wilson's Fourteen Points. We have hitherto barred all reference to or consideration of navies in the reduction of armaments that figures as the first concrete object of the League of Nations, our League, pre-eminently, as it appears to most Americans, made by our statesmen and packed in our favor by six votes to one.

\* \* \*

HERE is the crowning iniquity of our navalists. They put another nail in the coffin of the League. Unless this policy is repudiated at once, it will do more than anything else to keep America out of the League, to impel her to a political and economic isolation, developing her full powers of military and naval defence, drawing the South American States into a Pan-Americanism fatal to the larger internationalism, and depriving the broken countries of Europe of the economic and financial aid that they badly need, and that only the trade and credit of America can supply. That way lies neither peace, nor economic recovery, nor financial salvation.

\* \* \*

THE Supreme Council darkened the result of its own meetings in London with reports more than usually meaningless. The Allies will not oppose the return of King Constantine, but reserve their rights of action. The only concrete point which is clear is that the financial help promised to Greece for her campaign against the Turks will be stopped. Greece will not receive the £10,000,000 promised by France, nor some £3,500,000 of the British credit. This decision, if it is final, will attain the aims of French policy, which desires to stop the war with the Kemalists, and to diminish the gains of Greece. Though we are told that the Peace of Sèvres will not be revised, this decision may cause much of it to lapse. Greece is still under the financial control of the Protecting Powers, and the reckoning evidently is that she will be unable to finance a war in Turkey. That may be a hasty assumption. Eastern States usually manage to fight cheaply, and the first result will doubtless be the very undesirable one that the Greek armies on Turkish soil will proceed to live on the country.

\* \* \*

THE *plébiscite* for the recall of King Constantine has gone as it was expected to go, and only two per cent. of the recorded votes are against him. The Venizelists decided to abstain, but the result only shows how small their following is, for the *plébiscite* vote was much heavier (by 300,000) than the general election poll. In face of such a popular demonstration as this, it is hard to believe the report that the Greek Government has advised the king to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, though it may well be true that the Ecumenical Patriarch, under Allied influences in Constantinople, has done so. Constantine's past suggests a character not lacking in firmness, and even in obstinacy, and, after all, the main consideration for a king must be that he has the confidence of his subjects. He is, meanwhile, giving interviews, and has scored some points. He states that in the earlier phases of the war

he offered, no less than four times, to come in on the Allied side, but was rebuffed. The fact is, of course, that the last thing Russia wanted was a Greek army in Constantinople. In reply to the suggestion that he might invite the Kaiser to Corfu, he makes the rather neat retort that if he is friendly towards his brother-in-law, he is not likely to assist the people who "kicked him out." Thus he denies the "pro-German charge," and makes no difficulty about accepting Lord Curzon's conditions.

\* \* \*

THE Assembly of the League continues to give signs of vitality, which contrast oddly with its timidity in bigger questions. Thus, after the Council had failed to raise any money at all, save a trifle from Siam, towards the £2,000,000 wanted for the campaign against typhus in Poland, more than enough to make a good start was promised without conditions by delegate after delegate at Tuesday's sitting. This is good and humane work, but it is amazing that not a voice was raised in the Assembly to suggest that some of the aid should go to the Ukraine and Russia. Their need is at least as great; they have been deprived of drugs by the Allied blockade, and the typhus within their borders is mainly the result of the incessant civil wars subsidized by the Entente. But the League may find it difficult to go on ignoring Russia. There is one complication already in Vilna. Moscow has told Lithuania that she surrendered Vilna to that Republic, but had no intention whatever of ceding it to Poland, nor did she then foresee an occupation by the troops of the League. Armenia makes the other complication. The new Coalition Ministry there (it is not, as first reported, a Soviet *régime*) has, with the aid of Russian mediation, made some sort of peace with the Turks. Is the League going to ignore this, and resume war?

\* \* \*

THE resignation of the Argentine from the League seems hasty and regrettable, though her amendments ought certainly to have been considered. Her proposal to elect the Council from the Assembly (originally a Swiss suggestion) is probably the only way of giving the League a directing body which will carry out its functions, instead of sabotaging it. Friendly critics explain the timidity of the Assembly on the theory that it is marking time till America comes in. But is American policy compatible with any working League? Senator Knox, who is expected to be the next Secretary of State, favors a plan which means scrapping everything in the League's machinery which makes it a body capable of action. He would return to the Hague Conference as his model, and his "Association of Nations" would have as its sole organ a permanent legal Tribunal. This is a return to nineteenth century pacifism. Everyone in Europe now realizes that a Tribunal can decide only justiciable issues, which are rarely if ever the real causes of modern wars. The value of the League is that it has a Council which can (if it will) deal with disputes and threats of disputes as they arise, and initiate action, and (2) an Assembly which can legislate, promote the revision of Treaties, and generally move, as the conditions of the world call for changes, which if delayed might lead to war. No general economic question could ever be treated on Senator Knox's plan. The only thing to be said for his policy is that he does want to promote disarmament, and revise the Versailles Treaties. Apparently he thinks the world can be settled once for all, and that then a Court would suffice to impose and interpret the settlement. It seems a curiously childlike view of world politics.

THE text of the Treaty of Peace concluded (and ratified) between Finland and Russia deserves attention as an example of enlightened diplomacy. Russia has met Finnish wishes by ceding the Petchenga territory, which gives access to the far north of Norway, and allows Finland an outlet to the ice-free waters of the Arctic Sea. On the other hand, Finland drops her claim to the Karelian territory, which would have cut the Petrograd-Murman railway, but Russia has already given autonomy to its more or less Finnish inhabitants. The trade clauses are most reasonable, allowing to both parties free access to all waterways and right of transit over certain territories. The more important imports from Finland into Russia are to be duty free; but, indeed, the State monopoly of foreign trade in Russia makes tariffs obsolete. Most important of all, both parties agree to the neutralization of the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia, and promise to work for an international guarantee for this principle. This would mean that such naval operations as our fleet has lately conducted in the Baltic would be forbidden. The States bordering on the Baltic will, doubtless, approve. On no other terms can they be really independent. The idea ought to be taken up by the League of Nations. But the chief Allies are not likely to support it.

THE Prime Minister visited the Constitutional Club on Friday week, and seemed so much at home there that it seems a pity he did not join it years ago. He abused his Liberal colleagues, substituting for his successful plot to turn Mr. Asquith out a mythical scheme for his own eviction. Mr. George's memory is at fault. The only danger of eviction from a Liberal Government he ever ran was over the Marconi business, and Mr. Asquith saved him from that. He ridiculed the "imitation Gladstones" who were running an atrocities campaign in Ireland, and comparing British soldiers to "Bashi-Bazouks," which happened to be Mr. Garvin's phrase for the feats of Mr. George's *Sturmtruppen* at Balbriggan and elsewhere. The remainder of the speech was hot stuff, of the Prussian brand. No wonder the walls of the Constitutional Club rang with applause.

THE second reading of the Dyestuffs Regulation Bill was carried last Tuesday in the Commons by a vote of 277 against 72, nine Coalition Liberals and one Unionist voting in the minority. Thus, under the cover of national defence and war-pledges, the Protectionists win their first substantial victory. The priority given to this key industry was, no doubt, sound tactics. For there is more to come. Sir R. Horne promises a general Key Industries Bill for the beginning of next session. A vigorous attack was made upon the policy of prohibition with licences. Obviously, the Bill will place the textile trades under the heel of a monopoly, forcing them to accept "the second best" where world competition demands free access to "the best." Major Barnes and Sir W. Barton, who moved and seconded an amendment condemning the Bill, insisted on the bad effect the loss of liberty must have upon our great foreign trade. The measure gave no security to dye-users that they would obtain the color which *they* thought best, or that the monopoly would not practise profiteering. "During the war Messrs. Levinstein's £10 shares, which had been previously quoted at £2 10s., went up to £190, and were converted at the rate of £135 for every share on the

establishment of the British Dyestuffs Corporation. No wonder they wanted that policy to continue."

THE weakness of the Opposition lay in failing to agree upon an alternative. Though Mr. Lyle Samuel denied that any pledge had been given covering licences for ten years, Mr. Asquith and other speakers appear to accept the pledge and to prefer a subsidy accompanied by limitation of profits. This, apparently, is the policy favored by the Calico Printers' Association, the most powerful organization in the trade, though outvoted by a combination of the others and led into a tardy acceptance of the Bill. But this alternative fails to grapple with the roots of the issue. If national defence is the determinant factor, dyes should form an integral part of the armaments industry, and should be owned and conducted by the State, the supply of colors to the textile trades being treated as a by-product of explosives. The State could then allow the importation of the dyes it could not produce, and private profiteering would be avoided.

BUT the experience of the war showed that our dependence upon foreign dyestuffs was by no means so disastrous as was represented. The danger that Germany should again be our enemy, that she would have in future an equally strong hold of the dye-trade, and that dyestuffs will continue to hold their full former war value, rests upon a bundle of improbable assumptions. Moreover, as we now know, there are for a world-trading nation like ours so many necessary foods, materials, and manufactured goods which we must buy abroad, that the selection of a single war material for special protection is a ridiculously inadequate safeguard. Indeed, this is precisely the argument which Protectionists will press upon the House when the other "keys" are being jangled in our ears. Wheat, oil, wool, copper, and cotton, are evidently vital or "key" products, and ought to be produced and conserved, if not within these isles, at any rate, within the Empire! In other words, the main argument of the dye-protectors makes straight for an impossible goal, economic self-sufficiency. Such a policy plunges us into bitter economic strife, not only with ex-enemies, but with allies.

ON Monday last the "Times" announced "the end of Balahovitch's adventure," and reported him "a fugitive in Warsaw." Only on Saturday its head-lines were "Balahovitch pushing forward: Reinforced by desertions from Red Army." The source of both telegrams was its Warsaw correspondent. The most remarkable fact is that it was actually on Friday, before the former telegram appeared, that Balahovitch entered a Warsaw hospital. Yet this is by no means the grossest instance of the mis-information about Russia from the same source in the same columns. We have had in recent weeks battles between soldiers and sailors in the streets of Petrograd, risings in Moscow, and a rising in Nizhni-Novgorod, led by Martoff, who at the time was in Sweden on his way to Berlin. All these stories, contradicted by Mr. Wells, Mrs. Sheridan, and Mr. Brailsford, who were all in Russia at the time, none the less find credence, and the stream of false news, though the details may be forgotten, prevents the public from realizing the positive truth that Russia, in spite of a partial breakdown of industry, transport, and food supply, phenomena due mainly to the great war, the civil war and blockade, and common to the whole of Eastern and Central Europe, is a policed Republic, with a relatively stable Government.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE BETRAYAL.

"ARE any of the Churches your Church?"

"None of them are mine."

"Have you a Church?"

"Where two or three are gathered in my name."

"Do I belong to your Church?"

"You may."

"How?"

"By following me."

"How shall I follow you?"

"By following Truth in Love."—From Mr. Lowes Dickinson's Parable, "The Magic Flute."

WE publish elsewhere some letters—indignant, remonstrant, or acquiescent—concerning the strictures passed in a recent number of THE NATION on the attitude of Nonconformists towards the crimes recently committed by the Government of this country, with a Nonconformist at its head, on the Catholic people of Ireland. They have stung, and they were meant to sting, but we do not think they were essentially unjust. Soft words can wring no bosoms that have remained callous to the wrongs that the War and the Peace have inflicted on Europe, or to the shame of our Irish policy, their natural sequel. We are glad to think that there is a young Nonconformity which has not forgotten Ireland, if there is also an older one which seems to us to have forgotten God. But the whole problem of the free Churches looks so different since the war that we may be excused for saying a word upon it. Since the organization of Christianity as an acknowledged or a tolerated religion, its priesthood and ministry have constituted themselves guardians of the ethics of the Western world. The pastoral metaphor was not assumed by the Catholic Church alone. The tender similitude of Jesus has been taken over in turn by all the Christian communions, and his much-divided flock still look up to the spiritual leaders, not of one fold only, but of many. Among all these shepherds of souls, the Nonconformists of England and Wales have especially prided themselves on their faithful criticism of the life of the State. The ascetic habit, the mystical strain, in Christianity was not conspicuously theirs. But they claimed to excel in public spirit. Were they not independent of State control, and had not their thousand and one Churches sprung from a revolt against its tyrannies? No Empire-Church for them. That was the heresy of Rome. And no petted National Establishment either.

Now, in our opinion, the war has, among other things, revealed the long-suspected truth that the spirit of Christianity has very little to do with the Churches, and has never been understood by them. And the proof of this is the present condition of the world. The words of Jesus were spoken to save mankind from just such a desolating tragedy as it is now going through; and if they have been made of none effect (the Pope, to do him justice, did his best to repeat and to apply them), it is because the Churches do not teach them, but something else. As we have said, the Nonconformists had possession of one Christian truth, or, at all events, of one means of realizing it. They were not of the State. They were a spiritual body criticizing the State. They must have known, therefore, that a society based on force and wealth was no more a Christian institution than the society of James I. or Charles II.

In a word, they should have realized the great fact which they were in a position to appreciate—that

Pagan institutionalism had come back again. It came with a flood in 1914. It then claimed the souls and bodies of millions of young Christians, finally denying them all right of private thinking on the quarrel which these boys neither made nor understood. It simply set up the State and the good of the State. The good of the individual life, the stain that war must leave on the character of the young, were not considered. The young were pushed into the furnace (the Churches assisting), to perish there, or to have the freshness of life crushed out of them. No regard was paid to the natural tenderness and placability of youth, its readiness to accept the sublime doctrine of the forgiveness of injuries. The true teaching of Jesus on these subjects was rarely mentioned, save in derision of the handful who practised it. All that was tendered was certain national or political goods, such as the honor of the country or the advance of democracy in Europe.

But presently it appeared that these political advantages were unreal and were never seriously aimed at. The war went on far beyond the period when this country was materially safe. The cause and the principles of democratic government were considered only when the victors could take one of their catchwords and use it at the expense of the vanquished. The moral effort of Mr. Wilson was derided and circumvented, and in the framing of the peace the greatest and most sacred of all rights, the right of the young to spiritual hope and bodily sustenance, was denied to millions of unoffending creatures. But before the struggle had come to its end of exhaustion, three attempts were made in this country to redeem its character. Exemption was prayed for the Christian and the pacifist conscience. An end to force was sought by the Christian way of reason and negotiation. And it was desired to found the peace on principles of justice and reconciliation. To none of these efforts did the Established or the non-established Churches make any substantial contribution. One leading Nonconformist was anxious to stop a boxing match, but he let the war go on. Never, if we except the unheeded effort of the Pope, were statesmen bidden, as the Churches could have bidden them, to relate to moral ends the horrible struggle which has defiled the imaginations of millions of young men; though the soul-destroying trick of calling Evil Good, which was employed to delude the peoples of Europe, was nowhere more liberally resorted to than by our own Prime Minister. Had it not been for the English and American Quakers, the example of Jesus, as shown in the practice of his followers, might well have perished from the memory of man. For it became clear as noonday that the entire governing world was profoundly anti-Christian and immoral. It believed in returning evil for evil. It had a perfect passion for revenge. It judged its enemies and not itself. Its rulers had not the faintest intention of applying the Golden Rule to anybody who had broken it to them. It was, in fact, a finished Kingdom of Satan, founded on the ancient Satanic pillars of Scepticism, Materialism, and the Abuse of Knowledge, and painted high with hypocrisy to hide its guilt.

This was the world the Churches of Jesus might have judged and condemned, as their Master judged and condemned its Jewish and Roman prototype. They preferred to help it, to make it pretty and palatable to the average, unreflecting man, in a word, to "see it through." A fraction of them (a dwindling fraction) are even ready to "see through" the Irish policy of Mr. Lloyd George.



Well, they cannot. The world that existed before the war is lost. It has lost a great deal of its money, which was everything to it, as well as its honor, which was nothing to it. But a star still rises above the wreck. No society has ever existed without a religion, and even this sophisticated world has not been left without what our fathers used to call the "means of salvation." The faith of Jesus remains, though his Churches have long buried the treasure of hope and effort that it contained. Once spoken, the immortal word that summoned society, not, indeed, to lose itself in the entanglements of a Creed, but to find its Soul, can never pass away, for it continually reveals itself afresh in Art and in Reason, that is to say, in the consciousness and the imagination of man, so that while he lives the pursuit of Truth and the service of Love shall never go out of fashion.\* The Churches may go preaching and teaching on, with few to mark them, but there is only one question for them—will they, can they, re-dedicate themselves to the ministry of such a religion?

#### PEACE OR ——— ?

It is generally understood that the Government's brief start—perhaps we had better say "stunt"—towards peace with Ireland is over. Mr. George has failed, if he ever strove for success. Yet the Irish people wanted peace, and the evidence of that temper was indisputable. Even a slow-minded, slow-moving British statesman who wanted peace could have seen a ready opening in the pronouncements of the Acting Head of Sinn Fein, the Galway County Council, the Irish Bishops, and the Irish Labor Party. Mr. Lloyd George, who has a quicker eye for an accommodation than any other man living, could have been in no doubt about the golden opportunity that was offered to him. If that opportunity has been lost, it was not lost by accident; it was rejected as an act of deliberate choice.

What is the alternative to peace? It is a steady aggravation of all those methods of misrule against which the conscience of the British people is revolting. We may open our paper any morning and see that our tyranny is growing more Prussian or more Turkish every hour. A notice has now been issued in the Macroom district stating that the police will shoot any man who keeps his hands in his pockets. We can imagine with what language such a notice, had it appeared in Bruges or Ghent six years ago, would have been described on our recruiting platforms. The other day Mr. Devlin used a description of Tralee taken from a British paper: "Like a town with the plague. Not a shop is open, and people remain behind closed doors and shuttered windows from morning to nightfall. An hour before darkness sets in women and children leave their homes and go anywhere they can for the night. About 250 women and children sleep in the workhouse every night. . . . No merchant dares open his door, even for a few minutes, lest the Black-and-Tans should come on him unexpectedly and burn down the shop. . . . There is no goods traffic coming in. There is no money coming in, and no wages paid. There was not a bit of fresh meat killed in the town since Saturday week. The whole thing is certainly a new development of the frightfulness policy. It is a deliberate attempt to starve a whole town." Side by side with this pressure of frightfulness we see a steady growth of political persecution.

\* Mr. Lowes Dickinson has finely embodied this view in his modern parable "The Magic Flute" (Allen & Unwin), in which he takes up and expands the fable of the Perfect Musician who first wrought it.

The pacifist leaders of Sinn Fein are in jail, and no distinction is made between those who want to see Ireland a Republic and those who want to promote political ends by assassination. A military tribunal awards the directors of the "Freeman's Journal," an organ not of Sinn Fein, but of Nationalism, the savage sentence of six months' imprisonment for an alleged mis-report of some actions of the Black-and-Tans. The Cromwellian raid on the Dublin Corporation is designed as a blow at the self-respect of an Irish authority, and every effort is still being made to humiliate and exasperate Irish feeling. We cannot doubt that these are the deliberate efforts of a section at least of the governing power, inspired by such personalities and ideas as those of Mr. Churchill. The political quarrel between the British Government and the Irish people will thus take an even more bitter character than in the past, and we shall reproduce, one by one, every method by which political tyranny has made itself ridiculous and odious in other times and other places.

To Sir Hamar Greenwood, who lives for the cheers of the reactionary benches, and Mr. Churchill, who enjoys a policy of violence as if it were a kind of field sport, this alternative does not seem particularly dreadful. They are the bravoes of politics, who relish this kind of war; a war in which other people suffer the hardships while they do the shouting. They are quite ready to take the most arbitrary action; for it is their view that by this kind of pressure Ireland can be brought to her knees. And they may very possibly be able to point to superficial signs of success. To give the Black-and-Tans the right to shoot at sight and to raid at sight, to decree that every man, woman, and child eats, sleeps, and breathes at their pleasure, is to put a people under a system of life which would break the nerve of any but a Balkan race. Mr. Churchill and his party may think it good policy to apply to a Western population the pressure that the Turks applied to Macedonia.

The calculation up to a point is a sound one. No population that has ever lived under the conditions that any settled government creates can endure indefinitely the moral or economic strain of licensed chaos and murder. A Government that tries terrorism without scruple can, after a time, impose a kind of subordination. But nobody with any political sense mistakes that subordination for peace or fails to realize that in the long run it is more dangerous to a foreign authority than disorder. And in the effort to establish such a *régime*, what are we to sacrifice? As a nation we have not concerned ourselves very closely with what other peoples think of us. But by the war and the organization of the League of Nations we have been removed from our traditional atmosphere of isolation. More Englishmen now take account of foreign opinion, and when they find Cardinal Mercier, whom every Englishman thought a hero five years ago, sending a message of sympathy to the Irish people, and when references to "the martyrdom of Ireland" excite a warm demonstration in the Italian Chamber, they are indignant with a Government that, in the words of the Primate, are besmirching the British name. Moreover, apart from these reactions, Englishmen naturally hate Prussian methods and Turkish cruelty, and the state of Ireland is rousing great and growing indignation throughout the country, as men and women come to realize what is being done in their name. If our political system had not been disorganized and demoralized, such a policy would have been arrested at an early stage, for there would have been scope and outlet for immediate and effective criticism. What is happening is that a few reckless men, who have borrowed

the worst inspirations of war, and live in its emotional climate, are using an anomalous political situation to push a policy repugnant to the conscience and the intelligence of the British people. They have found it the easier to do this because they have learnt the uses of propaganda from the war, and they know that a Government which is ready to withhold or misrepresent facts can usually produce the atmosphere that it wants. This Irish policy is, in fact, the work of Ministers who are conspirators against the liberties of Great Britain and the best political thought of its citizens.

What excuse can the Government offer, either to the British people or to the world, for a refusal to make peace? How will such conduct look in history? The House of Commons accepts and applauds the most audacious statement from the Chief Secretary. But when, twenty years hence, fifty years hence, the story of the passionate struggle is written and read, will Englishmen read with the same satisfaction the coarse language of the "Weekly Summary," the incitements by Ministers to reprisals on unarmed civilians, the terrorism of Cork or Galway or Tralee, the "regrettable incidents" in which women and children are shot down, or those "legitimate acts of self-defence" in which peasants are killed in their houses in the sight of their wives? There is a house in Verona which has this inscription on its door: "Here an Italian woman was killed by the Austrians." We counsel this Government to have some regard to the accusing tablets of Irish memories. Let there be no mistake about it. The alternative to peace is something worse even than the train of recollections that the last few months have left behind them. The implacables offer us at the best the sort of success that injures a nation more than any failure; the sort of success that makes the last war a devilish mockery, and casts us in the rôle of Prussia for the next. At this moment, when the world is still ringing with our denunciations of the rule of force, we are asked to choose between trying to rule by that power and recognizing the spiritual rights that we called the world to vindicate. Nothing can help us but a generous peace made by the Government with the elected and constitutional representatives of the Irish people, and no other negotiations can take their place or answer our purpose. If we dare not make it, we shall find that in this war we have roused forces that are fatal to Empire, not in one State only, but in all, without learning the only method of disarming them. We shall repeat the mistake of those rulers of Europe a century ago who thought that the spiritual powers which they had awakened for the conflict with Napoleon would go to sleep again at their bidding. But for us the catastrophe will come much more rapidly, for authority has lost its old overwhelming advantage over the desperate resources of freedom.

#### FAIR PLAY FOR FRANCE.

LORD DERBY'S appeal for the conclusion of a military alliance with France has fallen on stony ground. There exist neither the sentiments, nor the fears, nor the interests which could move us to this course. Lord Derby seems to forget that both countries are parties to the Covenant of the League of Nations. In that document we have pledged ourselves to support any fellow member whose independence or territory may be

in danger from an act of aggression. If France should be in danger, the surest way to protect her is to make the League's guarantee, which is also ours, a reality. To conclude a separate alliance is to imply that this general guarantee is worthless, and by that implication to undermine the League. Moreover, it is not clear to the cool reader of Lord Derby's speech whence this danger to France, to ourselves, or to both of us, proceeds. We refuse to believe, while the active army of France outnumbered that of Germany by six to one (to say nothing of its supremacy in armaments), that it could come from Germany, unless, indeed, by provocations and oppressions, France were to goad a disunited, apathetic, and disarmed population to fling itself upon her in sheer desperation, with such weapons as it could improvise.

The notion that your last enemy will always be your next, is a delusion which most nations cherish for some years after every bitter war. We hugged it (with lucid intervals) for three generations after Waterloo. But the next enemy, as it turned out, was Russia. We duly repeated the mistake in our attitude to Russia after the Crimean War. Human pugnacity is a restless and incalculable thing, and it rarely runs for long together in the same groove. We do not deny that the French military party might manage to renew the war with Germany within five years, as Bismarck so nearly did after 1870, but in such a case we should prefer to be free to decide which of the two was morally the aggressor. If, on the other hand, Lord Derby is thinking of our own interests and dangers, then, even on the crudest jungle view of international life, we fail to see how we can require an ally to protect ourselves against a Power which has lost her fleet and her overseas possessions. With her secondary naval power, France could help us little against more distant opponents.

Lord Derby spoke, to be sure, of the general interests of European peace. If we were seeking a congenial partner in the general task of pacification, we should not turn, first of all, to the Power which backed Wrangel and the Poles, and has been the first to break the Covenant of the League by concluding a secret military treaty. It may be said, of course, that as an ally we could the more easily control and influence the French. Our own reading of history is that when one makes an alliance, unless it be with a negligible minor Power, one abandons all possibility of influence or control. While you are uncommitted, a Power which desires your support must conform in some degree to your wishes. An alliance ends that relationship. How far did we or the French influence Russia? How far did Germany control the Turks? Can even France (to take a contemporary instance) control the Poles? The more this school argues that France, with her powerful military party, is a danger to Europe, the more do we insist that we must be free to conform our own policy to her conduct. The delusion that they can lead their allies to better courses by the charm of their own personalities is a delusion which second-rate statesmen and diplomats are dangerously apt to entertain.

Lord Derby's appeal, however, calls for more than a negative answer. Our relations with France are unsatisfactory to the point of danger, and on every count of sentiment and policy we wish to see them improved. Not all the mistakes of French statesmen (no graver, perhaps, in the gross than those of our own), nor even the utterly graceless tone of the French Press

towards us, can obscure our admiration for French gallantry, or our sympathy with French losses and sufferings. The root of the misunderstanding is economic. At the making of the peace, all our European allies surveyed their own financial cases and found them desperate, save on the hypothesis that the resources of Germany could be laid under unlimited contribution to meet all of their needs. France, with her industrial region ruined, simply postponed the question of taxing herself and squaring her bill, with the watchword, "Let the Germans pay first." An Italian delegate told the Peace Conference (as Mr. Baruch reports in his valuable book from the American angle on "The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty") that the average Italian wage-earner would, in a few months, be paying one lira in taxation for every two which he earned. The result was the encouragement of hopes and the piling up of exactions which cannot possibly be realized. The French may justly blame our Government for its share in this inhuman folly. Mr. Baruch has shown that it was its persuasions which alone turned Mr. Wilson, after a long resistance, from his original resistance to the demand (unwarranted by the armistice terms) for the addition of the charges for pensions and soldiers' dependants' allowances to the bill for the damages to civilians. He has also shown how our Cabinet, after some wavering, rejected the sound American reasoning for fixing the amount of the indemnity in the Treaty, and that after America had offered to guarantee part of an international loan. After this record, the French have some excuse for accusing our Government of levity.

Nor is that all. We profiteered officially and grossly in our charges for exported coal to France, to Italy, and indeed to all Europe. Again, it is true that our mercantile class has secured its indirect indemnity by the ruin of its chief overseas competitor in shipping, banking, and industry. The French gained little or nothing in that way, and are obliged therefore to base all their hopes on a direct tribute. Moreover, our claims for the pensions and allowances (which Mr. Baruch, like Mr. Keynes, regards as a violation of the armistice terms) immensely inflate our share of any indemnity that may be forthcoming, and diminish the proportion due to France on the legitimate head of devastation.

Until the reasonable claims of the French are met, in so far as they can be met, it is commonplace to say that there will be no beginning of peace in Europe. In desperate fear herself of a financial crash, she uses her military strength to recoup herself in one direction or another. She keeps up the war with Russia, because if the "Whites" should win with her aid, they would repay her with concessions and mortgages on Russia's resources. She still hankers after the occupation of Germany's one valuable asset, the Ruhr coalfield. She favors the Poles in Silesia, hoping to detach that coalfield also. She probably knows that she will never get from Germany the sums she demands, but she has an alternative policy—if Germany defaults, she will dismember the Reich and bring part of it under her own tutelage. With these plans go others more complex and as dangerous in Austria, Hungary, and Turkey. The motive of this far-flung policy of militarism and reaction may be partly ambition, revenge, and lust of power. But it is also partly financial.

Two ways of helping France seem to us to involve treason to Europe. The military alliance is one of them. To support her in impossible demands on Germany is another. There is a third way. A relatively small indemnity from Germany would serve her as well

as a great one, if she has a large share in it, and much better than a great one, if it can be secured without ruining the debtor. For our part, we would be ready to surrender any share in the German indemnity, over and above the value of the merchant ships which we have got already. We would even forgive the debt which France owes us, and which she is never likely to pay. In this and other similar ways we would leave to her the maximum share in any indemnity which can be levied. But we would do this only if she on her side will come loyally into a constructive policy of European peace. There must be no more subsidized campaigns against Russia, no more support for Polish adventures, no more raids on Frankfort, no more threats to the Ruhr, no more intrigues with Hungarian or Bavarian royalists, and Austria must be free, if she so wishes, to join the German Commonwealth.

How much Germany could pay if her liabilities were fixed, her coalfields assured to her, and the path eased to the restoration of her export trade, we cannot pretend to guess. At present her taxation seems to be about half her national income, and, with it all, she has a colossal yearly deficit. No indemnity at all is possible—on the contrary, she will go bankrupt even without it—save on the assumption that some heroic measures are taken to restore her productivity and her currency. She could, we suppose, go on paying a tribute in coal and dyes, but she certainly could not increase her present contributions. She may have potential assets on which a loan could be secured (her railways, which now show a huge deficit, are mentioned), but they can be converted into real assets once more only when her factories and foundries work at something like the old rate, and a mark is worth a shilling again, instead of three halfpence. The slow machinery of conferences is gradually measuring out the figure to be imposed upon her. High or low, it will be utterly delusive, unless some large international measures of credit are devised, long before fresh exactions are imposed. We confess that we dread the naming of this figure, for no figure to which France is likely to consent in present circumstances is likely to be anywhere within the scope of German ability to pay. The American delegation, in one of its neglected memoranda to the Peace Conference, urged it "to fix a definite obligation which Germany will assume in a manner at least semi-voluntary." If the figure is manifestly beyond her capacity, she will make no real effort to pay it, and the value of the Bonds themselves will sink. All this while, first by protracting the blockade for ten months after the armistice, and then by delaying to fix the indemnity, the Allies have lessened Germany's capacity to pay, and broken her will to recuperate. To-day, she seems, politically and economically, a spent force, with too little vitality to plan any scheme of self-help, whether by revolution, by reaction, or by sober construction. For that the French are far more directly to blame than we are. It is useless, however, to reproach them with their mistakes; they can always make a telling retort. The way out of a quandary, which means, in the end, the ruin of all Europe, is first to meet France, even at some apparent cost to ourselves, and then, if she will join us in a policy of peace, to restore Germany, for her own good and also for that of France, to the ranks of producing peoples. Debt slavery, enforced by bayonets, can never be the basis of a habitable Europe. If, on the other hand, France prefers to go her own way, and to help herself by her own methods, then she must count on no support from us if she finds, sooner or later, that she has united Germany and Russia against herself.



## THE PLIGHT OF GERMANY.

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THE recent increase of German imports into this country has probably filled patriots with alarm. Germany, they will say, is recovering rapidly. She will presently again be a menace to the world. And they will dream of a busy, wealthy nation secretly piling up armaments for a war of *revanche*. If such patriots would take the trouble really to inquire into the condition of Germany, their fears would be allayed and their hatred gratified. For the prosperity of a country is not to be measured by its exports. Indeed, in the present state of the world, these may be an index of the opposite. German exports increase as and when the mark falls in value. The only test of the welfare of a country is the standard of life of its people. And measured by this test, the condition of Germany is desperate.

The origin of the evil is, of course, the war and the blockade. Germans estimate that the latter cost them the lives of three-quarters of a million civilians. It also left a legacy of weakness and disease from which no recovery has been possible, because the Treaty of Versailles prevents recovery. This weakness and disease is expressed, to begin with, in terms of child life. From all the great cities comes the same story, attested by a series of special reports, which lie beside me as I write—underfeeding, scrofula, rickets, tuberculosis. The milk supply—though strictly rationed and confined to children and the sick—is inadequate even for that limited use. Clothes are lacking, boots are lacking, bed-linen, and even beds are lacking. In large numbers the children are unable for these reasons to attend school. Of the 86,000 children of school age in Cologne, 10 per cent. are mentally or physically unfit. And the British authorities there have recently requested the Society of Friends to organize the feeding of these innocents. Throughout the unoccupied area the Americans are feeding round about half a million. The children were the first victims of our blockade, and they are continuing victims of the Treaty of Versailles.

Next comes the mass of the working class. Their wages are calculated to have risen, on an average, six times above pre-war rates; but prices have risen at least ten times. Anyone who knows how near the border of destitution the workers in all countries have always lived, even in peace time, will realize what this means. The wages of men in full work, with wife and family, commonly are not enough to furnish the necessities of life. In Berlin, for example, the statistician, Dr. Kuczinski, calculates that the minimum required for a family of four is nineteen thousand marks a year. Not 10 per cent. of the workers in Berlin get this wage. This applies to men in full work. But there is an enormous measure of unemployment, either total or partial. Competent statisticians believe it cannot be less than two millions. It is sometimes estimated, loosely, at millions. All of these must be living in destitution, since the unemployment allowance is altogether insufficient. There has been recently a large import of German toys into England. These come from Thuringia. A report of April last states that in this district milk was available to only half the amount required for infants and expectant or nursing mothers, and that no child above three got any at all. Tens of thousands, at that time, had had no potatoes for weeks. Many of the children, it was stated, would never, by any later treatment, recover their health. So far as the toy industry

is concerned, it may be hoped that conditions are now better. But when we pass the Anti-Dumping Bill we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put a stopper on that improvement.

In the middle class the conditions, though less desperate, imply a more extreme and catastrophic lowering of the standard of life. This is indicated by the position of the large and important salaried class. It is calculated that the incomes of the higher officials have risen 2 per cent., of the intermediate ones 3 per cent., of the lower 4 per cent. And this with prices up tenfold. The circumstances of those living on fixed incomes will, of course, be even more desperate. What has happened is the reduction of numbers of the middle class to the economic condition of the proletariat. The best paid professor, when all is counted up, hardly gets enough to support a barely decent existence, without any comforts or luxuries. The same is true of judges, and of many professional men. The lower grade of teachers have salaries that are sheerly ludicrous. I met one who was receiving 1,800 marks a year. That is less than the sum estimated as necessary to barely maintain a family for a month. For such people new books, theatres, concerts, travel, are out of the question. The class that has maintained for generations the level of German culture (not "Kultur") is dying out.

So, if the situation does not quickly improve, will the German organization of learning and science perish. I have referred to the salaries of the teachers. But, further, large numbers of the students (the sons, for the most part, of the declining middle class) are in a state of sheer destitution. They do not get enough to eat, not to speak of clothes, books, and such superfluities. A very large proportion of them have less than 300 marks a month; there are 6 per cent. who have only 100 marks; and they require 450 to keep them in food, lodging, fees, books, and clothes. How do they live? Partly on charity, partly by outside work. Partly they do not live, but half-die, succumbing to influenza, tuberculosis, and any other ailment that comes along. But the universities are suffering not less in their facilities for learning and research than in the economic conditions of students and professors. The enormous cost of printing, of chemicals, of apparatus of every kind is hampering all studies. It is becoming more and more difficult to get scientific books or periodicals published; many of the latter, in fact, have ceased to be issued. Students cannot afford to buy even German books. Foreign books are out of the question, even for professors. Let the present situation go on only a little longer, and the German universities will follow the German army on to the scrap-heap. There are, perhaps, many who will welcome that prospect; but such people are shortsighted. For if the universities were, and still are, the hotbeds of political reaction, they have also been the great forcing-house of knowledge. The world cannot afford to dispense with the contributions of the nation that produced Gauss and Weber, Koch, and Virchow, Mommsen and Ranke, Rohde and Willamovitz.

That the picture here given of the condition of Germany is true, will not, I believe, be disputed by any one who has really inquired what is going on below the surface. But, of course, you must inquire, and you must want to know the truth. A casual visitor to Berlin sees the hotels bursting with luxury. He sees the theatres and the concert-halls packed. He sees the shops

full of goods, and he buys anything he wants at rates which, for him, are absurdly cheap. All this is as true as it is irrelevant. There is only one relevant question, How are the mass of the people living? And they are living as I have barely indicated.

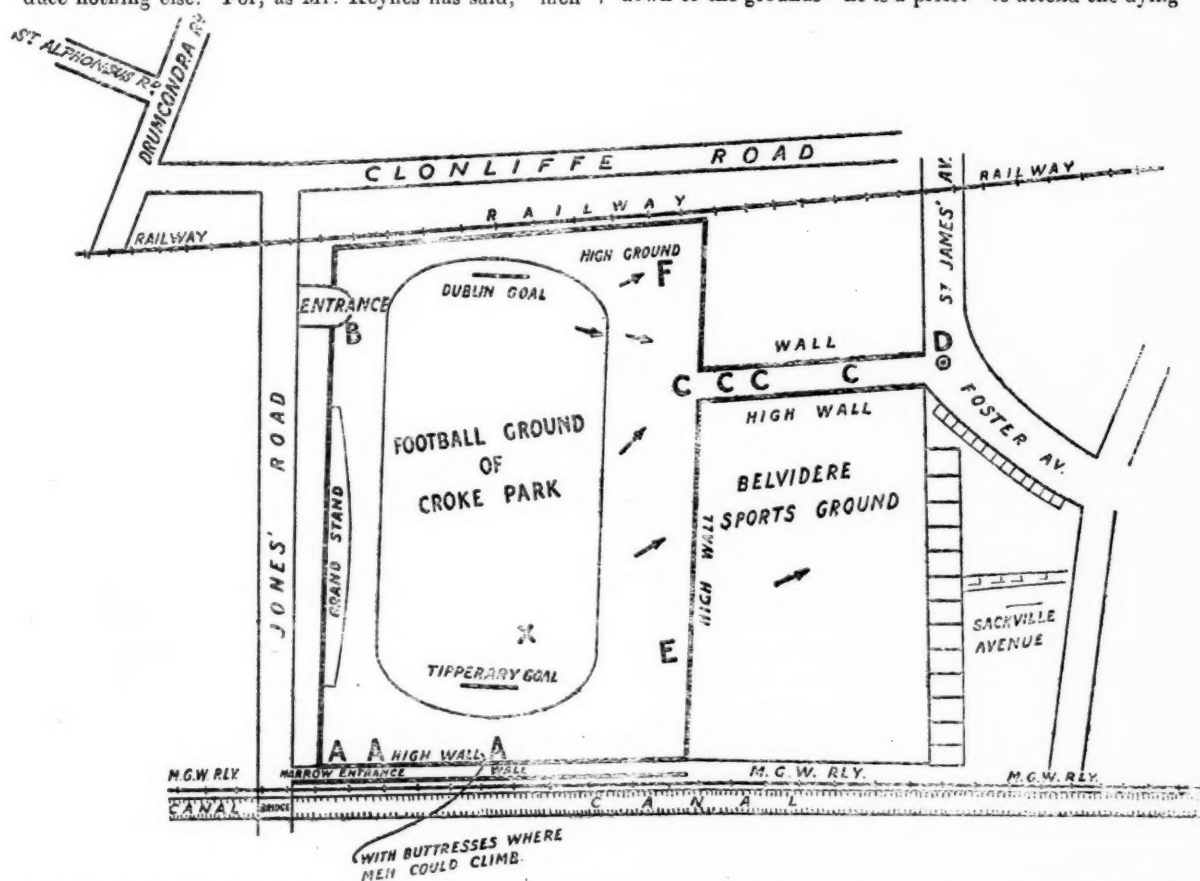
That they came so to live was due, as I began by saying, in the first place, to the war and the blockade. But that they continue, and must continue, so to live, or to die, is due to the Treaty of Versailles. If any one still does not know why, and wants to know, he has only to study Mr. Keynes's book. Mr. Keynes told us that millions of Germans would perish under the Treaty. Well, they are perishing. Yet still, in the face of these facts, which, of course, they strenuously deny, the French brandish their Shylock knife and call for their pound of flesh. It is "human nature," no doubt, such nature as the war has created or revealed in men. But is it wise? For, on the other hand, the French fear Bolshevism. But their policy is producing Bolshevism, and can produce nothing else. For, as Mr. Keynes has said, "men

only to apply to Mr. B. H. Headicar, Hon. Secretary of the Anglo-American Library, which is doing what it can to supply the universities of Central Europe (not German only) with books and periodicals. Such organizations, quite apart from the material aid they can furnish, are the only agencies now working to restore normal and decent feeling in Europe. And such restoration is a necessary preliminary to a real peace.

### THE STORY OF CROKE PARK.

AN Irish correspondent writes:—

I have spoken at some length, amongst others, to two men, one of whom, X—, was on the field at Croke Park from the beginning; the other, Y—, whose house gives a view over three-fourths of the grounds, saw the beginning from his windows and immediately was called down to the grounds—he is a priest—to attend the dying



will not always die quietly." There is in Germany no hope. Work as they may, they have no chance of bettering their condition. For whenever they begin, if they could begin, to produce enough for their own necessities, the French and the British will take it away again. That is the simple logic of the Treaty. It means the slow murder of a nation. Well, but a nation dying kicks. And that kick is what is called Bolshevism.

In all this there is only one bright spot, the salvage work that is being done by private American and British agencies. Political remedies are, indeed, the only ones that can cure the evil. But the aid of individuals can offer some palliative. If any of your readers want to help to save German children or German students from underfeeding and disease, they have only to communicate with the Friends' Emergency and War Victims' Relief Committee, 27, Chancery Lane. If they want to stave off the ruin of German learning and research, they have

and wounded. This latter is a thoroughly well-equipped witness of the highest intelligence, and is willing to make an affidavit and to give evidence anywhere on what he saw. The first is a shop-assistant of ordinary education. He was playing for the Dublin team, and was in a good position to see things. He is quite positive as to the shot from the aeroplane, which the priest did not hear.

I take X's— statement first. At the time of the firing the game was around the Dublin goal. X— was located at the point marked X, and was free to look quietly around. He said he believed the aeroplane arrived first flying high, so that he did not notice it, but he saw it circling after, flying low. He watched it, and states definitely that he heard a shot come from it. He thinks it was a revolver shot intended as a signal. He says that he can bring me others who, like him, heard the shot.

Immediately fire was opened from the narrow passage marked A, which lies between high walls between the canal and railway embankment on the one side, and the grounds, to which it gives access, on the other. He turned and saw men with rifles, firing in his direction. They were soldiers and police. He heard no warning. The crowd stampeded, and following directly on the first firing, shots were directed from the principal entrance at B. The crowd was thickest at that end, as the play was there. The crowd rushed for the most part across the field towards the high wall which separates Croke Park from the Belvidere sports ground, and towards the narrow exit at C. He made for the grand stand or pavilion to the dressing-room, taking shelter on the way amongst the seats on the touch-line. He was held up when dressing by the military, and after a long interval searched. He saw a Tipperary player whose yellow stocking had been ripped up with a bayonet. There were no shots fired from the crowd. There could not be shots from the crowd or from pickets without his hearing them.

The priest lives in a house overlooking the grounds, and not two hundred yards away. The first shots he heard were from rifle fire at A. A servant ran up to say that the soldiers were shooting the people in Croke Park. He watched the firing. The firing was still going on when a messenger came to fetch him to a dying man. It must have lasted some twelve minutes. When he went to the window he saw the aeroplane, but heard no shot from it. He believed it was there in connection with the operations. The first firing was at A, and then commenced at B, and he heard machine-gun fire for some seconds—twenty or thirty seconds; the sound was unmistakable. He saw the military firing from A, and some R.I.C.'s with them. The crowd below the soldiers at A were holding up their hands; beyond they were flying, in a thick mass, towards the exit-passage (at C), which leads to the junction of Foster Avenue and St. James Avenue, and were clambering over the high wall E separating the two sports grounds, and were running across the Belvidere sports grounds beyond the wall towards the houses at Sackville Avenue. The crowd was dense along C and E and towards the high ground in the far corner (F), where, apparently, they were safe from bullets. The crowd was so thick that he noticed few fall. Some 60 per cent. of the people present escaped from the grounds without search. He cycled down to attend the dying first about Sackville Avenue and Foster Place, and then on the field. At the junction of Foster Avenue and St. James Avenue, where the exit passage from Croke Park debouches, he saw an armored car with a machine-gun on top. (He described a light gun fixed on the roof.) He believes this was the machine-gun he heard opening fire on the flying crowd. Soldiers had occupied all the exits at A, near the canal bridge on Jones Road, at B lower down Jones Road, and at C near Foster Avenue. They were along the railway embankments at both ends of the grounds. They were on Clonliffe Road beyond the embankment, and bullet marks are to be seen where they fired up the road. A colleague told him that until the aeroplane came four or five military lorries were lying about Drumcondra Road, near St. Alphonse's Road, and then moved down and occupied the positions mentioned. The soldiers had ladders with them.

He, like X—, is positive that the first and only firing came from the military. They both say it would be impossible for firing to come from pickets or from the stand, as has been stated, without their knowledge. But Y— also says he heard no report from the aeroplane, though he believes it was a signal for the attack.

Fr. Y— gives a perfectly reasonable explanation of the whole thing. The authorities' intention, no doubt, was to search the whole crowd. The soldiers approach with their rifles at A. They have instructions to let no one escape from the ground, and to fire on fugitives. But they should have quietly occupied the exits and notified the crowd. Instead of this, they show themselves, with rifles, &c., on the wall at A. Of course, someone runs away towards C. Others join in running. The soldiers at A fire, and the stampede grows. The officer in charge of the machine-gun at the exit D sees the crowd rushing out, and at once fires—as, no doubt, his orders are. Then in a minute, seeing the great mass of people streaming through this passage, with proper humanity, to avoid a holocaust, he ceases fire. But the rifle firing is continued from A and B without any possible utility for some ten to twelve minutes in all upon this dense mass of fugitives. Most casualties were about the opening of the passage C on the field and at the high wall E. Many were trampled on about C, and there was similarly great pressure about F. Besides the men killed there were over 100 injured.

It is humanly certain that there was no warning given before the military fired, and that the firing was entirely from the side of the military. It was perfectly unjustified, because the crowd could have been contained in the grounds if the proper methods were taken. As a consequence of the improper methods and the stampeding of the crowd, some 60 per cent. escaped without the search which was the professed object of the attack.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

AFTER the Curse of Cromwell, the Truce of God. Before the Labor Deputation could even collect their tidings of the Pit, the sulphurous cloud lifted, and the traveller mounted, like Siegfried, to the clear sky and the bird-haunted summit. I suppose Mr. George had a mood. It might be nice to go down in history as a Strongbow; but then there was that horrid agitation on atrocities, with the prospect this time of being cast for the part of the unspeakable Turk. There were those who thought that the Prime Minister was fully and powerfully bent on a change in the desecrated Irish scene, and that he could carry his Cabinet with him. But was he or could he? In any case it looks as if (as usual) the Churchills and the Greenwoods had circumvented him. The "Times" disclosed his very proper and timely interview with "A.E." Greenwood promptly labelled this distinguished Irishman as a Sinn Féin extremist. There was a talk of summoning Dáil Éireann, and an effort to get contact with political Sinn Féin. In a few hours its leaders (including the moderate James MacNeill, one of the most gentle and reasonable spirits in Ireland) were laid by the heels, and a Jackboot raid, in the good Cromwellian style, was made on the Dublin Town Council.

So, naturally, Ireland held back. She knew that the arrests of Mr. Griffith and the two MacNeills were made by the military, apparently on their own initiative. And she perceived at once how the removal of the elected, responsible leaders of the people affected her cause, and



what a doubt it cast on the good faith of the Government. Mr. Griffith's voice may not be omnipotent in Ireland, but it carries farther than that of any other man, and farthest of all when it can speak after counsel with his colleagues. Why was he arrested? What is the charge against him? What substance lay behind the eccentric plan of opening his cell-door to the visit of the peace emissaries of Labor? The face of Jacob and the hands of Esau go not well together.

THEN there was the question of the Volunteers. They were at once summoned to unconditional surrender. Was it surprising, then, that peace talk found few echoes among them? They are certainly not frightened. They suffer less than the civilian population; and their ranks are automatically recruited from the victims of General Tudor's *razzia*. It is most desirable—most urgent—to guide the steps of the young men of Ireland into peaceful paths. But that blessing can only come through Irish hands, and by decisions of Dáil Eireann and its Ministers. Now must too much be made of resolutions by Galway Councils. Galway—the weakest point for the extremists, and the least subject to outrage—has been the most victimized part of Ireland. So terrified were the people that they dared not even find a coffin to carry the remains of the murdered Father Griffin to the grave. But Galway is not a mirror of Sinn Féin Ireland, and the moment the question of a truce was raised it became clear that the condition of an effort to wean the young men from violence must be liberty of debate for the Dáil. It has not been conceded. Why not? Ireland has the right of speech; and only a tyranny such as the Romanoffs used can deny it her.

IRELAND is the Government's great moral danger, for their policy isolates them from decent opinion. But the country has not yet found its soul, and this House of Commons never had one, so that the feeling about Ireland, deep and real as it is, cannot create the Parliamentary crisis, through which alone their fall before a General Election can come. Their peril is expenditure. The anti-wastrel cry has indubitably caught on, and the black-listing of the "wastrels" is a most dangerous weapon to use against a Parliament in debased dependence on a Ministry such as this. Save for two reasons, the Chancellor, an honest man, but none the more popular for that, would probably fall before this attack. But Birmingham stands by him, and he is the champion of the Tariff Reformers. So it would not be an easy or a safe plan to shunt him, and put Mr. Churchill in his place. The Government, therefore, has to face the music as best it may. It cannot really save, for its policy binds it to a vast military expenditure. It would willingly starve the mind of England and stint on its health and social services. But that is no way even to a nine hundred million—i.e., a pre-war—Budget, which the economists, with the whole taxpaying and ratepaying interests behind them, begin to demand. Life is already almost intolerable to the average middle-class household, and the future looks blacker still, for the salariat of a great industrial country

depends on trade, and when that droops the triple fight with taxes, rents, and prices will be lost and thousands of beaten soldiers will strew the battlefield. So the "wastrels" are at their wits' end, and though the Government may bribe and wheedle its way through the perils of the week, the time will come when even its bonnets will fail it. And then it will be a case not for a new election, but for resignation.

RULES are out of fashion with this Government, but it would be a matter of concern to most Prime Ministers that a member of his Cabinet should be adding many hundreds a year to his income by writing newspaper articles against his policy. Mr. Churchill is said to be getting very large sums for his contributions to the sensational Press. That is the affair of the editors. But the point is that Mr. Churchill's piece-rates as a journalist are fixed, not by the merit of what he writes, but by a kind of scarcity-value which attaches to his position as a Cabinet Minister. Few would take the pedantic view that a statesman should never write an article to a newspaper or a review. But the general rule of honor and of practice is that a paid politician is supposed to talk or write politics for nothing—the instruction of the public is part of his "job." Mr. Churchill habitually breaks this tradition. What right has he thus to divide his time between journalism and administration? Is not the conduct of the War Office enough for him? He usually contrives to keep it very busy, and the taxpayer very impoverished. But at least he might concentrate his intellect on the work he gets £5,000 a year for doing, or seeming to do. And is it also the etiquette of the new statesmanship that an editor or a proprietor who opposes the Prime Minister's policy is at liberty to forage among his Cabinet for a journalistic attack upon it? That, also, is Mr. Churchill's rôle. Mr. George is for trading with the Bolsheviks. But Mr. Churchill tells his readers that they are a "cancer"—a thing not to trade with, but to cut out of human society. Why is this highly paid propaganda of a Minister against Ministerial policy allowed to go on?

"MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD also spoke." Thus our truth-telling Press (or most of it) described Miss Bondfield's feat in waking about 8,000 people to the wildest enthusiasm, and turning a rather dull Saturday afternoon meeting into a magnificent demonstration. The Albert Hall gathering was in itself remarkable enough. The immense hall was quite full. I should have said that the audience was mainly middle-class, and that five-sixths of it was English, not Irish. But the key had been pitched much too low, and when Miss Bondfield raised it to the crusading point, she got in response such a change of feeling as I have never seen in any great popular meeting, even of the fervent Gladstonian days. The whole mass rose at her, Lord Aberdeen leading its cheers with his skull-cap. The touch of evocation was all that was needed. It showed that the country is going right; and that there is a conscience—even a Nonconformist conscience—to be roused and stiffened to action the moment an appeal is made to it.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE WHITED CITY OF GOD.

GENEVA at this season is sullenly cold and swamped in a thin vapor of gloomy texture which hides the expanse of the lake, and blankets almost continuously even the nearer hills. The senses have no escape from the streets, the shops, the trams, and the Genevese, a people who have never taken much stock in the Kingdom of God on Earth, and whose heartfelt embodiment of its mansions is the Hotel Des Bergues. French culture has imposed itself on this austere spirit: but Epicureanism grafted on Calvinism loses its French vivacity. In the summer the vines may laugh on the hillsides; in this December fog one feels only the chill of the waterlogged gorge, from which the local religion perpetually sucks its fatalist other-worldliness. From this atmosphere human *libido* seeks refuge in the Hotel Des Bergues and its rival palaces, the Beau Rivage, the Metropole, the Russie, the Angleterre, and the rest, and finds there the practical Swiss genius applied to the elaboration of French standards of comfort; predominantly in overheated apartments, luxurious bedding and food—especially food. And outside the porticoes the shining silent autos.

"N'est-ce pas," one asked me, "que ça vous fait un furieux spleen!"

I realized, perhaps for the first time, the true inwardness of that mysterious word.

No one who has taken part in or observed the activities of this Assembly could fail to be impressed and oppressed by this external setting. There is an excess of luxurious eating; a necessary excuse, perhaps, for informal discussion. One delegate told me he had had forty-three invitations to dinner (luncheons are on the same scale); and this was only half way through the Congress. The scale of expenditure, too, is impossibly, outrageously high. The salaries of the staff of the League are under criticism. They may sound excessive, but Geneva has seen to it that those who receive them shall find it hard to save on them. The prices of lodging and board are on the footing of the Paris Peace Conference. Nothing less was consistent with the dignity of Geneva as the capital of the new world. These habits of life are not a possible permanent standard for an organization representing the peoples of a bankrupt Europe, whatever it may be for the temporary delegates of neutrals, to whom the war has brought profit, or to South American Republics, who are taking their place for the first time in a visible association of world government. It is natural that they should expect and be expected to do themselves well.

The depression of the mood thus produced is intensified as one watches and follows the proceedings of the Assembly and its Commissions. Central and Eastern Europe are starving. Their children are skeleton gnomes. No indication, no hint whatever, transpires in these proceedings of a consciousness of that fact. Oh no! we never mention them! (Typhus is a different affair. Like Bolshevism, it may spread!) The second Commission, dealing with economic and financial questions, in pursuance of the purposes of the Brussels Conference had, indeed, its internal dissensions, in which those who realized the imminent practical menace of the immediate situation, and urged that common action should be taken to pool the world resources of credit and of essential raw materials, were in a substantial majority; but the controllers of corn and fuel, Great Britain and her Dominions at their head, were obdurate

in defence of their own supposed immediate interests, and the whole question of how to deal with that situation was shelved by a resolution recommending it to the profound investigation of a permanent economic and financial committee to be hereafter appointed.

"Italy's canonization of '*sacro egoismo*,'" said one delegate to Signor Tittoni, "has come home to roost."

If it were not that in audience of the proceedings of the Assembly and in personal confabulations in the hotel lounges, one could realize that there are at least as many as ten righteous men (I mean sincere "Leaguers")—perhaps more—among the delegates, assuredly one's inclination to call down fire from heaven upon Geneva would become overpowering. That may yet have to happen through the process known as Direct Action.

The apparent exception to this egoistic nationalism proves the rule. At Paris, on my way to Geneva, I saw headlines in the papers: "La France vient au secours de l'Arménie." The cause of Armenia seemed to have moved the Assembly. The friends of Armenia were congratulating themselves on having secured the first definite humanitarian act of the League. What had happened was that M. Viviani had seen his opportunity to fish in those troubled waters in the interests of France, which, by him and his Government, are excusably deemed to be those of the civilized world. Mr. Balfour stuck a few dialectical pins into him, but the way was opened for offering bribes to Turkey (at Greece's expense) in the hope that Turkey would fill the place vacated by Wrangel in the heroic procession of saviors of French financial interests against the Soviet menace. The Armenians at Geneva seemed to be chiefly concerned for the recognition of an imaginary Government in which they should hold portfolios. What the friends of Armenia in England and America were striving for was the practical aim of saving the remnant of the Armenian people. And as a douche of cold water on the pleasing excitement produced by the guarded offers of President Wilson, of Spain, and Brazil to intervene in mediation, there came the sententious observation put forth on behalf of our Foreign Office that they did not quite see what view they could take of this situation, and that Armenians on the spot appeared to be making their own terms with Kemal. "Ça ne vous donne-t-il pas un furieux spleen?"

Mr. Balfour is the most prominent figure in the Assembly, and at the Tribune is the most æsthetically engaging and satisfactory. We who remember him as he was at the period of the "Vanity Fair" cartoon of the Fourth Party, who know what he has always been as a politician, cannot sufficiently chortle at the noble and dignified simulacrum he now presents. Even those—that is to say, most delegates in the Assembly—who think they can see through him, are hypnotized by it. The high impressiveness and disarming charm of his full-face figure, the thick silver hair falling away on each side of the high square forehead, the genial, accomplished, considerate, courteous, and, at the same time, confident and authoritative delivery, are perfection for the position he fills as President of the Council. He pays it, and himself, the compliment of making himself admirably heard. But what does the Assembly really think of Mr. Balfour? Each member judges him according to the scope of his own convictions. The Nationalists diagnose him as the most astute and gifted of diplomatic champions of British self-seeking—a transcendental practitioner in the art of *faux-bonhomie*. They enjoy his charm and pay tribute to his effectual devotion to the interests of his own country under the mask of an enlightened and fatherly solicitude for the consolidation of the League of Nations. But those who

are most truly whole-hearted crusaders for the City of God, and who find in Lord Robert Cecil a fellow-worker whom, at times, they are even constrained to hail as a leader, these think that they see through Mr. Balfour's accomplished *bonhomie* to something that is not British egoism but political nihilism. They do not think that Mr. Balfour is religious like Lord Robert Cecil, that is to say, a man of affairs aware of and constrained by the spiritual laws of life, but as one said of him: "Sournois au plus possible en politique mais au fond sceptique absolument et individualiste."

The Nationalists, on the whole, love Mr. Balfour better than do the Leaguers. For they guess that his abilities are negative rather than positive; that he will constantly help their game by persuading the Leaguers of the obvious limitations of the authority of the Assembly under the Covenant as compared with that of the Council, and of that of the Council under the Treaty as compared with that of the Treaty Powers, whilst (because of that very scepticism and emptiness in him which the Leaguers feel most chilling and most hampering to their cause) he will never make real running like Viviani or Rowell, of Canada, in the solid material interests of his own country. On the other hand, the Leaguers are consoled by something of the same perception, for they know that he is too clever a man to imagine that militarism, protection, the monopolist exploitation of raw materials, and the extinction of Germany, can be profitable national aims, and if their straightforward League policy is baffled and turned awry they cannot but be enchanted at the manner in which Mr. Balfour does it.

The intermediates, the small Republics who have no great national aims, and for whom the League policy is rather a pious opinion than a matter (as it is for what remains of Europe, and for the Great Powers still under arms by land and sea) of life or of death, are pleased to be persuaded that they can do nothing dangerous in a handsome and flattering manner.

Mr. Balfour is thus recognized to be both the best possible President of the Council and the worst possible figurehead for the League.

In Lord Robert Cecil, La Fontaine, Nansen, Branting, and Barnes the Assembly recognizes and responds to the force of sincerity, a different thing from what it applauds in Mr. Balfour's persuasiveness, or is carried off its feet by M. Viviani's oratorical genius. Viviani is the most accomplished platform rhetorician alive. Mr. Lloyd George is a cheapjack compared with him. His force and his technique are amazing, and he sways great influence with the Latins. But he stands for the Ville Lumière, and not for Lord Robert's City of God.

The senior British delegate, then, whose vote and voice are the British policy, is not a force in the Assembly that makes for the vitality of the League. It is just a question whether his astuteness in keeping the constitution unshaken, bearing, as it does, the appearance of a loyal solicitude for the ship in the cross-currents attending its launching, may not leave it, at the close of this Congress, immovably high and dry. The interim committees of the Assembly may save it from this, if they do sincere work. The explosive little demonstration of M. Puyrredon and his Argentine colleagues, however unreasonable it may appear to have been, was a symptom of the irritation produced by the bo-constrictor policy of which M. Hymans, Mr. Balfour, and M. Viviani are felt as consistent agents. These Latins take Mr. Balfour's compliments at the valuation they place on their own—as conventional current coin of

polite intercourse; but they will not stand unlimited doses of bunkum about the delicate constitution of the League when they see that it is being made ineffectual for any but strictly Ally purposes. And I fancy that they think (as strikes outsiders also) that the British and Dominion delegates are rather too much at ease in this Zion, and obtrude themselves too much in the proceedings. Among the "just men"—the true Leaguers—Lord Robert Cecil and Fridtjof Nansen stand pre-eminent.

Speaking generally, the impression produced by the Assembly in relation to the future vitality of the League of Nations was that there is a nucleus of sincere Leaguers both among the national Governments and within the Deputations of Governments not sincerely Leaguers. It is upon these, and upon the words they speak and upon the effect they produce upon public opinion, that any hope for the League policy must depend. In the net schedule of its performance at the present Assembly there will probably be found nothing at all which is not the embodiment of some egoistic interest which has been sufficiently private to escape dissentient votes. All vital questions arousing contesting interests will have been burked or postponed. The crucial question will be whether on the whole the Assembly will have abated the pretensions of the Council, and beyond the Council the determination of the victorious Powers that the League shall not tamper with their interests, whether it may be that any one or two of those Powers may have enrolled the support of the Assembly in the bridling of the aims of any other at the price of some concession of their own. If that is so, the peoples of Western Europe and of America may still have hope and faith in the League, and may deem it worthy of further support and of effort to reinforce its programme. Let it alone, we must say at any rate, but one year more, and let us dig about it and administer to it appropriate fertilizers. It may yet be that it will bear fruit. If not, it cannot long cumber the ground.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

#### ON TRUE SELF-DETERMINATION.

"It is very good of you, Thrasylbulus, to have come down to the Peiræus to greet me on my return, and a little unexpected, if I may say so, for of late we have not seen eye to eye upon affairs of State. But perhaps you have some pressing matter which you would discuss with me?"

"Yes, Socrates, indeed I have, a matter of sorrowful import to all good citizens."

"Sorrowful, you say; but what then is the meaning of these flags and other signals of rejoicing that fill the streets?"

"Alas, Socrates, the people have gone mad, and have just voted to recall from exile Tino the Tyrant."

"Dear, dear! you don't say so. But, after all, Thrasylbulus, is not Tino himself a little mad?"

"Indeed he is more than a little mad, and bad."

"Then may he not be a fit and proper choice for a people who resemble him? Does not the poet tell us: 'Who rules o'er madmen should himself be mad'?"

"There you go with your old provoking ways, Socrates, making fun of the most serious events. Why, you must know as well as I do, that Tino played the traitor in the middle of the war, and well-nigh dragged our country to perdition. Would you have such a ruler back again, unrepentant, to land us in fresh troubles?"

"Not I, indeed. Tino has been no favorite of mine, nor I of his. But it is not for me, or you, to choose, but



for the people. And you tell me they have gone solidly for his return?"

"Yes, indeed—the result of a most unscrupulous propaganda against the Government."

"Yes, no doubt. Though surely this betokens a criminal neglect of a Government which, with so much public money at its disposal, failed to make a successful counter-propaganda. But much as you detest the people's choice, Thrasybulus, I suppose you have made up your mind to grin and bear it."

"Not a bit of it, Socrates, do you take me for a man destitute of principle? Our order will go down fighting rather than accept this shame. Besides, we do not stand alone in our resistance. The Supreme Council of the Allies will forbid the return of Tino."

"You feel sure of that, Thrasybulus? But tell me this. You spoke of yourself just now as a man of principle. Are these members of the Supreme Council likewise men of principle?"

"Why, yes, we must suppose so, for they have often made public declaration of their principles."

"You speak of principles, I of principle. For would you not say that in this war for democracy there was one principle of paramount standing by which we might properly test a statesman?"

"I am not sure, Socrates, that I know exactly what you mean."

"Well, you will remember how in the very middle of the war, loud above the din of battle, there came thundering across the great ocean the voice of the Oracle—not of Delphi or of Dodona—but of the White House."

"But surely this prophet spoke many words."

"That may well be. The later oracles are more voluble. But one word he uttered of supreme significance, 'Self-determination.' Now tell me, how did the Allies receive this utterance? Did they welcome or reject it?"

"Socrates, I must confess they all received it as a word of ripest wisdom. They even acclaimed it as the great End or Ideal for which they fought the war, the right of every people freely to choose its own form of government."

"Whether it were a good or bad form of government, eh! Thrasybulus?"

"Well, yes. I suppose so. But, surely, men of the world admit some elasticity in the application of a principle?"

"Then let us take the case in point. You and I think the recall of Tino a terrible blunder. But the people are bent on committing this blunder. Ought we to stop them, not, mark you, by persuading them to recall their recall, but by getting the Allies to coerce them?"

"But surely we ought to stop an act which may embroil us with the great Powers, and fatally injure our best interests? We cannot ride a principle to ruin."

"You feel certain, then, Thrasybulus, that the great Powers will not admit the action of the Athenian people to be a legitimate case of self-determination?"

"No, indeed, nor would I on reflection, if you pinned me down to it."

"Well, then, we come to this, that a principle is absolutely valid and acceptable when it is in a gaseous, or even liquid state, but when it solidifies for concrete cases it may be necessary to trim or whittle it down, or even to set it aside."

"Why, yes, Socrates, or one may prefer another principle."

"One that is more convenient! Yes, no doubt, we will come to that presently, for our road lies that way. But first let us clear our minds about the theory of apply-

ing principles. What would you say was the test of a man of principle? Would you say the test arose in cases where his own desires and interests squared with the principles, or where they were opposed to it?"

"No doubt the latter would furnish the better test."

"Well then, would not the same apply to the statesmen who represent nations? Is not the genuineness of this acceptance of self-determination best tested by the cases where its application runs counter to their wishes?"

"Ah! but Socrates, they easily get out of that by insisting that they are not at liberty to sacrifice the vital interests of their country entrusted to their care."

"So it seems that we have got no 'forrarder' in our quest. Perhaps that is because the matter belongs to real politics, and neither of us is a politician in that sense. But I think we can repair this deficiency by getting hold of our friend Glaucon, who, I observe, has just left the chariot of Timoleon, the rich armorer, and is coming our way."

"Glaucon! We badly need your assistance, if your keeping company with war-profiteers has not made you too proud to be seen talking to the likes of us."

"Oh, stop rotting, Socrates, you know I am always at your disposal. But what can I do for you and our friend Thrasybulus? I take it that it is not an Archonship or any ordinary job that you are after."

"Right you are, Glaucon, we are out for no ordinary job, the discovery of truth in politics. It is a full-time job, and we somehow think of getting you to help us."

"Well, what is it?"

"The point is this. You were yourself a distinguished luminary in the darkness of the Great Conference. Now tell us, when the White Prophet came to deliver his oracles, were not the statesmen fearful lest they should be political misfits? And how were they able to 'work the oracle' so as to accommodate the elevated principles to their less elevated purposes?"

"Well, Socrates, if you will pardon the blunt language of a rough and tumble politician, I will tell you what actually took place in 'the show-down.' At first we were afraid lest self-determination should get in our way when it came to sharing out the spoils, and pegging out the valuable claims. But in a multitude of principles there is safety."

"How do you mean, Glaucon? What other principle can venture to compete with self-determination?"

"Now, Socrates, don't play the innocent. There are plenty. There is, for instance, racial affinity, by which you can easily break up an area of nationality into convenient patches; then there are historic rights, strategic considerations, and economic necessity."

"Ah, yes, Glaucon, we must all do homage to the Goddess Necessity, even though we spy Greed and Theft in her retinue. But tell us, how did your discrepant principles rub along together in the Conference?"

"Why, Socrates, by your happy intuition for metaphors you have already hit upon the method. For by attrition each principle was moulded to a convenient shape and adapted to the purpose of the Allies. If, after this smoothing process, one principle did not fully satisfy the demands of the situation, another would."

"Yes, Glaucon, I quite understand; this is the orthodox economy of principles among politicians. But let me ask more particularly about the application of self-determination. Would it be just to say that the Allies refused the right to the Scythians because they used it

to carry out a violent and extreme revolution, while they are denying it to the Athenians because they claim our new government to be reactionary?"

"Yes, your judgment is correct. But this is far from a condemnation of the Allies on the score of principle. For there is a higher law even than the principle of self-determination, and that is Moderation or the Golden Mean."

"Yes, Glaucon, I have heard of it before. And an excellent law it is. But like other laws it is liable to distortion. May it not come to mean the right to impose on other peoples the form of government which appears moderate to you because it best meets the interests of yourself and your friends?"

"But, Socrates, it was not self-interest that decided our policy, but the real interests of these peoples themselves. We are bound to consider the consent of the governed. Now in Scythia we found no such general consent."

"Then would you admit, Glaucon, that where a great majority of the people want a change of government they ought to have it?"

"Surely, that was our accepted rule at the Conference."

"Then what do you say of the Indians, the Persians, and the people of Thule in the Western Ocean?"

"Why, Socrates, there you are quite off the mark. These principles we are discussing are, of course, only applicable to enemy peoples and their territories."

"Pray pardon my simplicity, Glaucon, I had supposed that a principle was of general application. But I now gather that this principle is only to be imposed by victors upon vanquished."

"Why, yes. Surely a victor has his rights. It is up to him to impose Justice on the vanquished."

"Even if Justice signifies his own interests?"

"The two indeed will tend to coincide."

"And how may that be, Glaucon?"

"Why, you must surely agree to the proposition that our enemy is possessed of a criminal mind? For otherwise we should not have waged war on him. How then can it be supposed that the real will of such a people, unrepentant of its recent crimes, is capable of a right act of self-determination? But when these peoples come to their sane senses, the Allies will recognize their right of self-determination."

"That is indeed satisfactory. But, tell me, Glaucon, how shall that happy moment be known? Did we not reject the government of Scythia because it was not set up by the voting of the people? But in Athens the return of Tino is demanded by an overwhelming vote, and yet the Powers refuse assent."

"No, not exactly that, Socrates. They do not deny to the Athenians the right to restore the tyrant. They only say they will not recognize his Government. They will, of course, cancel all rights under the Peace Treaties, and perhaps they may withhold all trading permits and so cause an economic blockade. But beyond this they exercise no interference."

"Perhaps that is enough, Glaucon. But there remains the other case I named, that of Thule, which the great island Power of the West holds in subjection. Surely there is no question of a general will for self-government?"

"Ah! there you are wrong, Socrates. The doctrine of the General Will, as expounded by the later German oracles, holds that the mere expression of a passing majority, however great, is no just index of a real will, that reasonable regard for the true and lasting welfare

of the people which is always liable to be obscured and distracted in the vulgar process of an election."

"With your assistance, Glaucon, Thrasybulus and I are beginning to see light. The self that decides whether other selves which claim determination are real is the Supreme Self, and that Self alone is qualified to exercise determination."

J. A. H.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE REPRISALS CLUB.

SIR,—As the founders of the new Eighty Club may not yet have hit upon a name, may I suggest "The Reprisals Club"?—Yours, &c.,

A. B.

December 7th, 1920.

### IS THERE A NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—Last week you published an attack on me by "A Wayfarer" which compels me to ask you for space for a brief reply.

"A Wayfarer" holds me up as the shocking example of the wrong attitude of the leaders of Nonconformity towards "reprisals." His evidence is found in two letters which I wrote to the "Manchester Guardian," whose purport he seriously misrepresents. They were not written to condone "reprisals," but to complain of the misleading emphasis put upon "reprisals" whilst the criminal outrages which called them forth were only rebuked in a perfunctory way. "A Wayfarer" says I complain "quite falsely," and that I show "much irritation at the exposure of public crimes." These are opinions which can only be judged by people who read the "Manchester Guardian" regularly, and, as to the last, by those who know something about me. I have ample evidence that my opinions are shared by very large numbers of the readers of the "Manchester Guardian," who differ completely from "A Wayfarer's" estimate. His reference to "a handful of newspapers" as undertaking the work of exposing reprisals is quite beside the mark. I have neither time nor money for even a handful of papers. I read the "Manchester Guardian," which is a very able and influential paper. I wrote about that paper only, and I believe that all my charges against it on this matter can be proved up to the hilt.

When "A Wayfarer" passes from me to Nonconformity or to Christianity, he is dealing with much bigger subjects. As an old footballer, I know something of the value of these grand-stand criticisms of the players by anonymous spectators. As to my Christianity, about which "A Wayfarer" seems concerned, I would remind him that some people's Christianity allows them to "love their enemies" but to hate their friends—especially the members of their own nation and particularly the members of another political party. The same brand of Christianity encourages the sacrifice of truth and of fairness to bitter partisanship. My Christianity teaches me to love my own people at least as much as I love other peoples, to seek truth even though it may not serve a party purpose, and to try to be fair even to those from whom I differ. Perhaps I am typical of Nonconformity in such opinions. I hope I am. The country needs that kind of Christianity more than the strong political bias which colors all "A Wayfarer's" comments. Take, e.g., his preposterous suggestion that the Government was "put into power by thousands of Nonconformists." How much does a man know about Nonconformity who imagines that Nonconformity put this Government into power? The Government was put into power by the large majority of the voters of the nation, and Nonconformists are probably divided, like other people, in their support. I hope, however, that whatever their attitude, they refrain from making the odious charge that the Govern-

ment "condones and promotes murder." They may well leave such partisan bitterness to "A Wayfarer."

And, after all, "the Government" is—Mr. Lloyd George! It is not always so. When it suits his opponents better, they speak of him as a helpless tool in the hands of the Unionists. But in this matter it suits them to refer to Mr. Lloyd George as well-nigh omnipotent, directly and personally responsible for everything done anywhere by anybody owing allegiance to the Crown, and able to "stop a policy dead." And yet Mr. Lloyd George "dare not" go on "blackening the name of Britain" and "condoning and promoting murders," if only the people whom "A Wayfarer" queerly calls "British and Welsh (*sic!*) Nonconformists" rise and say certain things. Mr. Lloyd George is not the paid official of Nonconformists. He is the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland by the will of the British people. No doubt the people who think he is blackening the name of Britain have a right to say so; but if they are going to persuade the other people to agree with them, they will have to produce evidence of a very different sort from the dogmatic and partisan attack on the Government which "A Wayfarer" makes under cover of an attack on me as a Nonconformist.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. ROBERTS.

32, Heaton Road, Withington.  
December 1st, 1920.

["Wayfarer" writes: The family of Mr. Facing-both-ways is never extinct. Dr. Roberts does not "condone" reprisals; he only complains of the "misleading emphasis" laid upon them, and the "perfunctory" rebuke administered to the "criminal outrages" which "called them forth." What is this but a "condonation" of reprisals? Note the method, which is much the same as was used to defend the outrage of Amritsar. Dr. Roberts affixes no disapproving epithet to reprisals; he does not even call them "criminal." But what is their character? It is threefold. First, their assumption of the blasphemous and anti-Christian doctrine of revenge. Secondly, their indiscriminate application to innocent and guilty, to women (including a pregnant woman with a child in her arms) and children, as well as to men, to people running away, to people using a street or sitting by a roadway, to Irish industry, and Irish property of all kinds. Thirdly, their assumption that because certain Irishmen act lawlessly, the Government, the seat and fount of law, is itself released for lawless action. To every good citizen (except, apparently, a Nonconformist leader) these must seem grounds for signalling out a Government guilty of such behavior for reprobation, if only because (among other things) "reprisals" excuse and cover the crimes which are said to have "called them forth."

But it is clear that Dr. Roberts does not understand the duty of a good citizen, far less of a religious leader. He suggests that he has not had time to inform himself as to the character of reprisals, and that he judges them only from the reports of one newspaper. But he should have discharged this task of examination before he took the seat of judgment, and acquitted the Government of the "odious charge" of condoning and promoting murder. The charge is true, and the proof of it is multifold. One count in it is enough. The Government admittedly issues, pays for, and "supports" the "Weekly Summary" which "condones and promotes" murder. An issue of this organ of the Irish police had the head-line, "The House of Commons and Reprisals: Free Hand till Murder Gang is Crushed." The paper also prints incitements to reprisals, including a notice from an anti-Sinn Fein society threatening (October 29th) that if a single policeman were killed in Cork, three Sinn Feiners should die. A sergeant was killed a few days later (November 17th); the same night three Sinn Feiners were killed in the presence of their wives.

As for Mr. George's responsibility, Dr. Roberts's attempt to minimize it is disingenuous quibbling. Mr. George is Prime Minister. Mr. George has repeatedly encouraged and defended reprisals. And Mr. George is a member of the Irish Committee of the Cabinet, on which the "Liberals" have a majority of two to one.]

SIR,—The main contentions of "Wayfarer" in your issue of November 27th are unassailable. One read them

with the delight and satisfaction that one has when one sees one's inmost thoughts expressed by another. Some eighteen months ago I ceased to attend the local Free Church Council for precisely the reasons which "Wayfarer" so truthfully sets forth. It is not to the point to say, as some of your correspondents do, that not all Nonconformists have failed. It would be surprising, indeed, if amongst the great host a few were not found who had not forgotten the rock whence they were hewn and the pit whence they were digged. But taken as a whole, the temper of our Nonconformist Churches in these years of trial has been lamentable. It has been, indeed, nothing less than a betrayal. I speak as one who has felt all along that we could do no other than enter the war. But with that understood, it seems to me that the whole task of Nonconformity lay in seeing that those principles of individual liberty and reverence for the conscience of each man, which have always been recognized as the very breath of our life, should be kept inviolate amidst all the violence and clamor of war. But the Nonconformist Church of the average sort became the most uncomfortable of all places for the pacifist and conscientious objector; and the witness of our distinctive principles passed out of our Churches very largely into the hands of men like the brothers Cecil. One of our leading Nonconformist weeklies outrivalled the "Morning Post" in the militarism of its tone, and the "Baptist Times" went so far as to show that the Peace Treaty squared in all its main provisions with the Fourteen Points.

The later phases of our decadence are due as much as anything to the fact that when the great political *coup* of 1916 was effected, because it happened to be a Baptist Prime Minister who issued out of it as the chief participant, all the moral recklessness of it was ignored, and Mr. Lloyd George was taken to Nonconformity's heart. So it happens that leading Free Churchmen can ask the Prime Minister to take the leading part at the leading "Mayflower" celebrations at a time when the Government are watching one who, in the days to come, will be included among the greatest martyrs of the race, starve to death. But, of course, it was conscience in the case of the men of the "Mayflower," and only stupidity and folly in the case of the Irishman. Later a juster view will be given even by Nonconformists themselves, and Mr. McSwiney will be given a greater honor than the men of the "Mayflower." But at present all that Nonconformity appears to be able to do is to celebrate past martyrs to liberty and do nothing toward preventing present martyrs.

Without any doubt it is true that "Political Nonconformity has not made the connection between its old self and the needs of the hour." Nor is it likely to do so till it abandons its present fountains of inspiration. For fear your readers should think that these sentiments have been inspired by your paragraphs, I may say that some twelve months ago I addressed my own Church on the present decay of Nonconformist ideals.

I write as one of Dr. Roberts's own children in the faith, who has a great deal to acknowledge from his pastorate and a life-long membership with his church in Manchester. He is justly beloved by us all, but I for one am wondering how a witness hitherto so fine has faltered in these days. Is not this a case of the wizardry of the Prime Minister?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. LEES.

Baptist Church, Rugby.

SIR,—I should like, as a Nonconformist minister, who has been in revolt against the official attitude of our Churches, to reply to "Wayfarer's" diatribe against Nonconformity.

I have not read Dr. Roberts's letter, but I hesitate to accept your criticism of him as a true indication of his mind. At any rate, the fact must be recognized that the Irish policy of force (however explicable on the ground of disappointment) has paralyzed the sympathy of those who used to stand behind the Irish demand. There is no hope of a settlement unless the appeal to force is frankly abandoned by both sides. To think otherwise is to attempt to create a psychological vacuum. Men being what they are, they will respond to different stimuli as they do; violence breeds violence.



But I write now to point out where I think the real failure lies. Some of us supported Lord Lansdowne's plea for peace by negotiation, but we never had any support from the leaders of Liberalism. So far as I know, Mr. Asquith was dumb on the subject, and we turned, in despair, to the Labor Party. At the last election, "the thousands of Non-conformists" were divided between Labor and Liberal—a division of forces which proved suicidal, yet a division for which Mr. Asquith was partly responsible by his tepid policy. It is this division now which effectually neutralizes a force which, if it could be organized and made articulate, would reveal a power not less beneficent than in former days.

"Wayfarer's" criticisms seemed more moved by antipathy to Nonconformity than by a just discrimination between causes and effects. He says: "In the more instinctive graces of Christian feeling it was always lacking." Really! And then to write of "the firm traditional morality of the Anglican Church" reveals an inexcusable bias and a defiance of history. I think if you analyzed the electoral returns a little more correctly it would be found, with honorable exceptions of course, that the "traditional morality" was massed behind the Coalition. Nothing is to be gained by terming us "mere followers of the State, flatterers of its follies, apologists of its crimes." That is libel—wholly gratuitous and unwarranted.

But it is true that we are (or were) leaderless.

Two years ago, I, like many more ministers, gave my allegiance to Labor; to-day we are, politically, stranded—largely because of Labor's ineffectiveness and the absence of any ringing challenge from the Liberal leaders. Yet if Mr. Asquith will speak as he did at Bradford, Nonconformity may yet occupy its ancient place in the van of the struggle for freedom. But "Wayfarer" must learn to wield a more persuasive weapon than a cudgel, and, at least, tell the whole truth.—Yours, &c.,

S. B. JOHN, Baptist Minister.

Fleckney. December 1st, 1920.

SIR,—One of the perils which waits on all who passionately cherish any great cause is a certain harsh censoriousness which passes all too easily into Pharisaism. I cannot but think that such a peril has overtaken "A Wayfarer" in his animadversions on Nonconformity in your issue of November 27th. All men who cherish political ideals which include cleanness and honor and fellowship owe to THE NATION a great and incalculable debt, and it is just a little disturbing to find a journal, usually so well informed, passing so severe a judgment on knowledge which can only be described as scanty in the extreme. One has no desire to score points, but it is probably true to say that the speech of the seventeen bishops is as little representative of Episcopalianism as the alleged silence of Nonconformist leaders is of typical Nonconformity. Parish magazines are not encouraging reading at the present time when they deal with questions political—or industrial either for that matter—and suggest the reflection that the finely Christian manifesto of the bishops may be the voice of Jacob, but that the hands are still the hands of Esau. I do not doubt the sincerity of the bishops, but I have grave doubts as to the representative quality of their protest. So far as Nonconformity itself is concerned, it is probably equally true to say that the men who figure prominently in the public eye represent average Nonconformity just as little. The truth is that to-day there is no Nonconformity in the sense that there is a vast mass of opinion which even approximately represents its spiritual outlook and its corporate political ideals and ethics: between the older men and the younger there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf of religious emphasis, and of political and industrial ethics and aspiration.

Taking it in the large, the new Nonconformity is extremely suspicious of resolutions and manifestoes which have rarely any greater value than such as attaches to pious opinions. It is especially suspicious of them when directed to a Government which to all appearances is so utterly lost to all considerations of honor, humanity, and decency as the present one appears to be. It has in truth deliberately gone to school again. In religion it has been captured and dominated by the thought of Jesus that the Kingdom of

God is a possibility at the least, and a certainty when the response of the human will is adequate, determined, and resolute enough. It is asking to-day: "What forms of social and political organization will further that Kingdom and hasten its coming?" Instead, therefore, of choosing the easy and showy road of public resolutions, it has deliberately adopted the slower but stouter method of education. And anyone who has watched the evolution of the newer Nonconformity during the last eight years is bound to quarrel with almost everyone of "Wayfarer's" strictures on Nonconformity as a whole. Young Nonconformity as a whole did rally to Lord Lansdowne, and the very fact that the men who rallied were and are young made them comparatively negligible by the public Press. But I venture to think that a perusal of the local Press as distinct from the great dailies would reveal that there was a large number of men who never were rallied to the knock-out blow, who made difficult and public protests against reprisals, and who dared to curse the peace proposals even on Peace Sunday. Nothing is more clear to anyone who knows the younger school of Nonconformist ministers and laity than that, as a whole, they do not accept Mr. Lloyd George's leadership; they do, in fact, most violently dissent from it.

Nor is it quite fair to contrast political Nonconformity with the "firm traditional morality of the Anglican Church." Political Christianity of whatever sort is a graceless and ugly thing, but I may be pardoned for saying that in real culture, understood as clarity of intellect joined to charity of judgment, the Nonconformity of to-day is no whit less rich than any other religious persuasion.—Yours, &c.,

WILFRID MANSEL.

York. December 3rd, 1920.

SIR,—The very severe rebuke to Nonconformity by "A Wayfarer" in THE NATION of November 27th is quite unfair, and obviously written because of the letter of Dr. J. E. Roberts to the "Manchester Guardian." With Dr. Roberts's personal views on reprisals I am not concerned, but I do most emphatically repudiate your suggestion that he is a leader of Nonconformity. I do not think Dr. Roberts himself would claim to be a leader. Certainly we of the rank and file of dissent repudiate any leadership from him, or anyone holding his views on reprisals.

It seems to me the leader we Nonconformists do look up to and respect is Lord Robert Cecil. His magnificent defence in the House of Commons on the rights of conscience won the respect and affection of thousands of Nonconformists as does his unwearying advocacy of the League of Nations. Please do not get the erroneous idea that we Nonconformists love Justice, Freedom, and Truth less than our fathers, but it may happen now, as it has happened before, that the Nonconformist conscience will be best represented, not by a leader of Nonconformity, but by any leader, whatever his personal faith, who stands for Truth, Justice, and the rights of conscience, and, in short, stands for real Christian ethics.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN F. KING.

"Beechville," Lostock Park, Bolton.

#### THE NEW CARNARVON COMMANDMENTS.

SIR,—Are they not simply these in a nutshell?

"First Commandment. If A murder B let everything be done to bring A to justice."

"Second Commandment. If C murder D let nothing be done to bring C to justice, but give him your approval and support."—Yours, &c.,

D. C. MAXWELL.

Wormit-on-Tay. December 8th, 1920.

[WE are obliged to hold over till next week a letter from Mr. Broz on Czecho-Slovakia, and many other contributions.—ED., NATION.]

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Russia in the Shadows." By H. G. Wells. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)  
 "A Last Diary." By W. N. P. Barbellion. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)  
 "Bliss." Stories by Katherine Mansfield. (Constable. 9s.)  
 "The War of the Future." By General von Bernhardi. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

### PLAYS TO GO TO:

- "King Lear" (The "Old Vic").  
 "The Magic Flute" (The "Old Vic").  
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Court).

\* \* \*

It is surely a matter of concern to people who believe in progress to observe the reactionary attacks upon knowledge recently made in the Press. Of course, if we regard man as a ferocious demon, the less he knows the better. But people with saner views will, or ought to, regard it as dangerous that even the shallow-minded should be allowed to insinuate that ignorance is rather picturesque after all, and its opposite an irrelevant pedantry, without a protest. For the cheaper the generalization, the easier it sticks on the uncertain mind of a public but just emerged or emerging from inarticulate barbarism.

\* \* \*

If we assume that knowledge is desirable for a civilized community and ignorance a survival from savagery, there can be only one reasonable objection to the accumulation and dispersion of knowledge—that it should become disproportionate, unbalanced by and unrelated to artistic, moral, and practical qualities:—

"The good want power but to weep barren tears;  
 The powerful goodness want—worse need for them;  
 The wise want love; and those who love want wisdom,  
 And all best things are thus confused to ill."

Nothing is any good by itself, knowledge no more than other things. Without shape or interpretation, it is of no more use to men than the stone in the quarry is to the sculptor. But this, of course, is a very different thing from depreciating knowledge, because it is sometimes misapplied or left in the raw material. Knowledge is gained to be used, as Pythagoras said. One article I am thinking of made a very unworthy sneer at the efforts of anthropologists to fathom the early history of man. The writer laughed at the pains spent in finding out about the Java Man and the Piltdown Man and Neanderthal Man. But thanks to these and similar patient researches, the world has stumbled upon a fine and solid truth—namely, that we are not recently descended from the ape by means of a brutish struggle for existence, but have gained our supremacy in the world through the development of the brain. For people who have any concern for humanity at all, here is the backing of facts to stimulate their hopes and efforts. I have often thought it would make a deeply interesting anthology to collect into a volume all the sayings of the great teachers, prophets, and poets of the world which have anticipated the scientific knowledge of our own day. Shelley's "Love's Philosophy," Francis Thompson's "Thou canst not touch a flower without troubling of a star," Blake's "To create a little flower is the labor of ages," Whitman's "Not one (the animals) is respectable nor unhappy over the whole earth," and many, many others out of Milton, Coleridge, Vaughan, Shelley, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, &c., are waiting for their editor and annotator.

\* \* \*

THE Bible is particularly rich in them. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth

are set on edge." Is not a knowledge which corroborates by facts what the poets utter by vision worthy of our wise respect? It is, indeed, a way of making the universe intelligible to thoughtful people. If it be retorted that schoolmen, specialists, and experts of one kind and another are the Tweedledums of the mind, or as old Walerterton puts it rather more vividly:—

"If you dissect a vulture that has just been feeding on carrion, you must expect that your olfactory nerves will be somewhat offended with the rank effluvia from his craw; just as they would be were you to dissect a citizen after the Lord Mayor's dinner."

the obvious answer is that the mind only grows with what it feeds upon, if the food is selected and there is more than one course. It is thus that "our mind stretcheth the more, by how much more it is replenished." Rodin in his notebooks (and Leonardo in his in different words) held the whole purpose of existence to lie in a vague yet powerful urge of heart and mind "towards unlimited knowledge and love," and a very different type of man—William Cobbett—remarked in his sturdy way, dissipating the specious and commonplace plea of contented ignorance: "It is the natural effect of enlightening the mind to change the character."

\* \* \*

ANOTHER objection urged against knowledge is that it lacks poetry, it destroys our sense of wonder and reverence for life and the world—the philosopher peeps and botanizes upon his mother's grave. Yet Wordsworth in a more inspired moment held a different view: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science," and Shelley said the same thing in strangely similar language: "It (poetry) is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science and that to which all science must be referred." The little men who voice the parrot cry of Ignoramus—Ignorabimus—Volumus Ignorare, have little enough reverence for life, as their wonder is the wonder of the savage—"all knowledge," said Coleridge, "begins and ends with wonder, but the first wonder is the child of ignorance, while the second wonder is the parent of adoration." We may not be able to see a yard in front of us in the dark, but the greater mystery is light. None of the great Englishmen has despised knowledge in this modern way, and though the smaller men pass and are forgotten, they do a deal of mischief in their time. The heads of the stone statues in "Erewhon" were all hollow, but they were in a dominating position and threw long shadows over the plain. And how deadly this light-minded contempt of facts, which seem superficially of academic interest only, may be is shown by the indifference towards the League of Nations, lifting gradually, it is to be hoped, but fostered by the enemies of knowledge, who are not aware that the League is an imperative necessity rather than a visionary dream. "Does not the Web of Life," says Professor Thomson, "lead on to a League of Nations?" A knowledge, however slight, of the subtle and complex interlinkages of life which exist in fact and make the universe one indivisible whole is a stronger plea for the League than many arguments. The latter say it ought to be, the former says it must be.

\* \* \*

It will be ill for the world if it listens to these false prophets, for it will surely fall into the ditch. And it will be well for those who do care for knowledge about life and the world from books, from experience, and from taking thought not to be cast down by scorn of it, but to seek humbly to increase their knowledge and impart it to others, believing with Ben Jonson:—

"It is a false quarrel against nature that she keeps understanding but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclined by her thither, no less than birds to fly and horses to run, which, if they lose it, is through their own sluggishness and by that means they become her prodigies, not her children."

H. J. M.

## ANDREW MELROSE'S DISTINCTIVE BOOKS

### NATURAL HISTORY STUDIES

By Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON, LL.D., Author of "The Biology of the Seasons," "The Wonder of Life," &c. Fully illustrated by JOHN SMITH. Price 7s. 6d. net.  
*Third Edition.*

### SECRETS OF ANIMAL LIFE

Fully Illustrated. Price 9s. 6d. net.  
*The Morning Post* says: "As entertaining as they are instructive. Whether he is examining the curious inexplicable life of the Cuckoo or Man's aboreal apprenticeship, or the educability of the snail, he is always a delightful companion."

### MODERN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

By HERBERT E. NAYLOR and MOLLIE TEMPLE. Profusely illustrated. Price 16s. net.

### JACKSON GREGORY'S NEW NOVEL

### THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN

By JACKSON GREGORY. Price 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Eastern Morning News* says: "It may be said with truth that no man can write a better story of the Wild West than Mr. Jackson Gregory, and he has never combined charm and adventure more effectively than he has done in his new novel."

### GREAT IRISHMEN IN WAR AND POLITICS

Compiled by FELIX LAVERY. Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

*The Evening Standard* says: "Joseph Keating's beautiful and romantic writing exercises a witchery which almost throws everything else into the background. . . . Mr. T. P. O'Connor contributes a sketch of Mr. Redmond himself which is full of life, full of art. Nor can anyone help being touched to the core by the story of the gallant death of Mr. Willie Redmond."

### BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

### MELROSE'S "POCKET" SERIES

Fcap. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net each.  
Also in Lambskin, price 7s. 6d. net each; and Velvet Persian, Yapp, in box, price 8s. 6d. net each.

#### NEW VOLUMES

*Second Edition.*

### THE ROAD WANDERER

By HENRY SHAWCROSS. These sketches reveal the writer as a man of winning personality and fine human sympathies, and a lover of nature as intense as Richard Jefferies.

### EVERYDAY ESSAYS

By JOHN CRAWLEY. These essays are touched with the spirit of our troublous days, but there is a permanent philosophy in them, and it is one that makes for right living and peace of mind.

### PROSE PICTURES: An Anthology

From the writings of Michael Fairless, Richard Jefferies, David Grayson, Stephen Graham, R. L. Stevenson and other famous writers.

Compiled by E. MARGARET JONES, B.A. Quite confidently we say that no such beautiful collection of passages has ever before been brought together within the pages of one book.

#### VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

*Ninth Edition.*

### ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

By DAVID GRAYSON.

*The Westminster Gazette* says: "It is full of the joys of healthy living, communion with nature, and the friendship of books."

*Ninth Edition.*

### THE FRIENDLY ROAD

By DAVID GRAYSON.

*The Times* says: "A delightful view of simple experiences."

*Thirteenth Edition.*

### THE WOODCARVER OF 'LYMPUS

By MARY E. WALLER.

*The Daily Telegraph* says: "We congratulate Messrs. Melrose upon introducing such a sound and delicate piece of literature to the English public."

ANDREW MELROSE, LTD.,  
LONDON & NEW YORK

## Messrs. LONGMANS' List

By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND.

THE SKILLED LABOURER, 1760-1832. 12s. 6d. net.

THE TOWN LABOURER, 1760-1832. 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.  
(New and Cheaper Edition.)

THE VILLAGE LABOURER, 1760-1832. 8vo. 6s. net.  
(New and Cheaper Edition.)

### LECTURES ON THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF THE 18th CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. With a Reminiscence of the Author by the Right Hon. VISCOUNT MILNER, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

### Works by WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### COLLECTED WORKS.

Edited by Miss MAY MORRIS. 24 Volumes. Medium 8vo. £16 16s. net.

Each volume has a Photogravure Frontispiece and various other Illustrations.

### THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Library Edition. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net each.  
Popular Edition, in Ten Parts, 30s.; or 3s. each sold separately.  
Cheap Edition, in one volume. Crown 8vo. 8s. net.  
Silver Library Edition. 4 vols. 6s. 6d. net each.

THE DEFENCE OF CUENEVERE, and other Poems. Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

POEMS BY THE WAY: AND LOVE IS ENOUGH, OR THE FREEDOM OF PHARAMOND. Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG, AND THE FALL OF THE NIBLUNGS. Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE AENEIDS OF VIRGIL. Done into English Verse. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE; AND CHANTS FOR SOCIALISTS. Pocket Library Edition. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE TALE OF BEOWULF, SOMETIME KING OF THE FOLK OF THE WEDERGEATS. Translated by WILLIAM MORRIS and A. J. WYATT. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

POEMS BY THE WAY. Square crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL, AND A KING'S LESSON. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS. Library Edition. Square Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE SUNDERING FLOOD. Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. Pocket Library Edition. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. net cloth; 10s. net leather.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net paper covers; 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS. Library Edition. Square crown 8vo. 9s. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. cloth; 10s. leather.

THE STORY OF THE CLITTERING PLAIN. Square post 8vo. Library Edition. 6s. 6d. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. net cloth; 10s. net leather.

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END. Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. Pocket Library Edition. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. net cloth; 10s. net leather.

THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD. Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net cloth; 5s. net leather.

THE STORY OF GRETTIR THE STRONG. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

THREE NORTHERN LOVE STORIES, and other Tales. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. MACKAIL, F.B.A., M.A., LL.D. With 2 Photogravure Portraits and 8 other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. net. Bound Uniform with Collected Works. Pocket Library Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2 vols. 7s. net cloth; 10s. net leather.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,

39 'Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

Fourth Avenue and 30th Street, New York.



## Reviews.

## EMINENT VICTORIANS.

"A Survey of English Literature, 1830-1880." By OLIVER ELTON. (Arnold. 32s. net.)

THE young lions of the moment are always roaring morbidly about the Victorian period, as if it were a disease or freak in the body of national chronology. There are some reasons for this. The pre-Victorian ages suggest our ancestors; the Victorian Age merely suggests our parents; and while ancestors are tolerable and remote, parents are notoriously neither. The schoolboy will brag about his great-grandfather, but he will sedulously suppress his father. A mention of the Victorian period calls up a slightly ridiculous picture of side-whiskers and old-fashioned clothes. True, wigs are even more ridiculous than whiskers; but, by comparison, they seem almost historical—like Whigs. So, no doubt, to the little Georgian critic the great Georgian period suggests something romantic and buckish, with a literature that smacked of that quality (as in Byron), or revolted from it (as in Shelley); but Victorian literature suggests to him no more than the poetry of chignons and pork-pie hats. The worst of the Victorian period is that it was not only Victorian, but Albertian. It was masculine-German as well as feminine-English. This domestic combination demanded that a wife should be merely a housewife, with the alternative of being considered a hussy. Its favorite scene in poetry was a Gretchen-Guinevere grovelling at the feet of a Lohengrin-Arthur in shining armor. Upon the natural impulses of joy it hung the label "Verboten," and made goodness a matter of not doing rather than of doing. It associated decency with dulness, and believed that Dickens was vulgar because he was funny. Traces of that belief still survive.

But however we extend the list of its defects, to this belief we must come at last, that the Victorian period was just like any other period. It had conventions that conditioned its art, just as every other age had conventions that conditioned its art. Certainly no age is more conditioned by convention than this! Victorian art was conditioned (so to speak) by the Crystal Palace; Neo-Georgian art is conditioned by the Café Royal. You pay your money and you take your choice. To say that art is conventional is merely to say that art is healthy, normal, and concrete. Art that lives is for an age as well as for all time. It must be true to its own age before it can be true for another. If in any work of any art there is something that can adapt itself to the raw conventions of new generations it will genuinely survive, if not, it will perish utterly with its own conditions, or survive merely as a museum specimen. This principle is clear when we compare (say) Mozart and Meyerbeer or Botticelli and Bouguereau; but it is clearer still when we compare a great artist with himself. The fooling of the Clown in "Twelfth Night" which Sir Andrew finds excellent is not excellent to us; but the Clown's songs are. Paul Dombey is now intolerable; but Pip is an enduring delight. "The Convict's Return" in "Pickwick" is almost beneath contempt; the convict's return in "Great Expectations" is almost beyond praise.

Let us have done, then, with the doctrine that the Victorian period is something spoiled by "conventions"—that it is an age apart, a by-way, or a backwater. How beautifully its perspective fits into the great vista of our literature can be clearly seen in Professor Elton's survey. His present volumes (which we think even finer than their predecessors) lack just seven years of covering the half-century from the Accession to the Jubilee; but they may be taken as a critical summary of Victorian literature in its fullest and broadest sense. The work is monumental. We are amazed, not merely by the width and weight, the substance and grace of Professor Elton's work, but by his massive, imperturbable sanity. Time after time we wait for the touch of wilfulness, the natural bias, the disproportion in size and shape of some enticing figure; but we are perpetually and delightfully disappointed. Professor Elton has a mind that disdains aberrations.

There are no vague and easy generalities anywhere in the volumes. Every statement is supported by convincing reference or citation ranging over the *omnia opera* of the

most voluminous authors. We cannot better illustrate the scale of the survey than by recording that, in the first hundred pages (the whole work runs to nearly nine hundred), we have an ordered, critical discussion of the Carlyles, Hamilton, Mansel, Ferrier, Mill, Bain, the Stephens (including J. K. S.), Lyell, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Henry Sidgwick, Shadworth Hodgson, Hutchinson Stirling, the Cairds, Thomas Hill Green, Martineau, Campbell Fraser, George Cornwall Lewis, Buckle, Lecky, Austin, Maine, and Bagehot. Not all the portraits are equally good. Thus, the Macaulay is superb, the Dickens great, with qualifications, the Bagehot something of a misfire. We find it hard to forgive a criticism of "Dombey" that, rightly anathematizing Carker, fails to mention the ever dear and delectable Mr. Toots. As for Bagehot, no criticism we have ever seen has quite caught his flashing, elusive quality.

The style of the survey is as admirable as the story. Professor Elton is more readable than many essayists. His hardest chapters are clarity itself, and he illuminates his scenes and figures with phrases that save paragraphs. Here are a few that we gather from one or two pages. Mrs. Gamp "has received eternal form, and so partakes of 'being' and 'not-being' that she resolves their difference better than Hegel." Of Mrs. Harris he says that "she is one of the 'forms more real than living man'"; of Macaulay's writing, that, "behind his prose is the long, twofold eighteenth-century tradition of plain diction and fighting rhetoric"; of his reading, that, "the fiction of the preceding century he may be said to have inhabited rather than judged in set form." Professor Elton is just as happy in discussing the neologisms of Victorian philosophy.

"Ethology was coined by the younger Mill to denote the science of human character, and it might have lived had such a science really existed."

"Cosmic emotion, which so few can feel, was recommended by Clifford. . . . The words *agnostic* and *agnosticism* were hatched in the Metaphysical Society, and are now found in census returns, and also (profanely clipped) in undergraduate slang. *Secularism*, *secularist*, are in use, but they still have a raw, dogmatic, outlaw air."

Professor Elton has been so wide in the range of his survey that he will forgive us for pointing out an omission that no one would notice in a work of less importance. It is this: his pages on the travellers and their books make no mention of the large and characteristic Alpine literature that begins, for us, in 1847 with "Travels in the Alps of Savoy" by J. D. Forbes. A philosopher could write a spiritual history of the Victorian period from its Alpine books alone, and they should not be disregarded in a cyclopaedic survey. Surely Whymper, Ball, and King are as much worth notice as Warburton, Palgrave, and Curzon—"Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" as much as "Letters from High Latitudes"! The drama, too, finds no place in Professor Elton's scheme, perhaps because it finds none in his esteem. But the comedies of Robertson are historically interesting, and even important. However, we are unwilling to depart for long from our note of praise, and we congratulate Professor Elton on having produced so great a piece of learned literature and on having added to the number of perpetually readable books.

And what a story is covered by the fifty years of the author's present covenant! What sheer *quantity* of great artistic and intellectual achievement! To affect contempt for the age whose riches are here displayed is merely ludicrous. In its literature of science and its literature of thought, in the range, if not in the height, of its poetry, in its literature of history and description, and in its firm establishment of the novel as a mirror and criticism of life, the Victorian half-century has a title to rank with any equal period of national history.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

## THE JAPANESE TERROR IN KOREA.

"Korea's Fight for Freedom." By F. A. MCKENZIE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d.)

Of all the works of modern Imperialism, those of Japan are the worst, and of the scenes of misery and oppression that witness against it, Korea is, perhaps, the most piteous

## T. FISHER UNWIN'S BOOKS

An Ideal Gift for the Book-Lover.

### MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK. By J. T. HACKETT.

Second Edition, Revised. Cloth. 12s. 6d. net.

No less than sixty leading journals have spoken highly of this charming collection of interesting quotations from both classical and unknown writers, with the author's no less interesting comments.

*The Daily Telegraph*: "A collection of vivid and inspiring passages, which can hardly fail to delight any reader."

*The Nation*: "Mr. Hackett's book fascinates me."

*To-Day*: "Has no equal of its kind."

A 4-page prospectus of "My Common-Place Book" will be sent post free on application.

### FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL: By Land, Water and Air.

By FRANK HEDGES BUTLER. With 89 Illustrations. Cloth. 21s. net.

"There are few men who have wandered farther or done more exciting things in the various countries of their pilgrimage. He has hunted lions and other big game in East Africa, crossed Lapland several times with reindeer and skis, and travelled extensively in India, China, Burmah, Russia, North and South America, and Asia Minor. Two of his greatest interests in life have been motoring and aviation, in both of which he may fairly be said to have been a pioneer."—*The Daily Mail*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

### THROUGH LAPLAND WITH SKIS AND REINDEER.

With 4 Maps and 65 Illustrations. Cloth. 12s. 6d. net. *Third Impression.*

"It is at once a fascinating story of travel, a practical guide-book, and a storehouse of interesting information on the manners, custom, and folk lore of a little-known people."—*The World's Work*.

### GENEVA: Its Place in the World.

By CONSTANCE and JULIAN GRANDE. Illustrated. Cloth. 6s. net.

A charming and informative work on the city chosen as the seat of the League of Nations.

### CHRISTMAS: In Ritual and Tradition, Christian and Pagan.

By C. A. MILES. With 4 Coloured Plates and 16 other Illustrations. Cloth. 10s. 6d. net. *Second Impression.*

"Mr. Miles has, indeed, written a book of exceptional interest, as well as a valuable work of reference."—*The Guardian*.

### SONGS FROM THE HEART OF ENGLAND: An Anthology of Walsall Poetry.

Edited by ALFRED MOSS. Cloth. 15s. net (Edition limited).

Among the contributors is Sir Henry Newbolt, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who is a native of Walsall, has written an Introduction to this remarkable volume.

### THE ART OF LETTERS.

By ROBERT LYND, Author of "Old and New Masters." Cloth. 15s. net.

Mr. Lynd writes of the labour of authorship, of the theory of poetry, of the critic as destroyer, of the personality of William Morris, of Oscar Wilde, of George Meredith, of Tennyson, of the politics of Swift and Shakespeare, of Pepys, Bunyan, and many others.

### THE FAN BOOK.

By McIVER PERCIVAL. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth. 21s. net.

This book is written in such a manner that collectors will find in it the fullest and most precise information available.

### CHATS ON OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Chats on Old Silver," &c. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth. 21s. net.

The author shows reasons why old Sheffield plate should be collected, and the volume is illustrated with many examples, giving various styles and the development of the art, together with maker's marks.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Ltd. 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

## BATSFORD'S CHOICE BOOKS

JUST READY.—AN ATTRACTIVE ILLUSTRATED VOLUME DEALING WITH A REMARKABLE PERIOD.

Containing 280 pages, with 200 Illustrations reproduced from contemporary drawings, rare engravings, and especially taken photographs. Crown 4to, cloth gilt. Price 35s. net.

### THE XVIIIth CENTURY IN LONDON

An Account of its Social Life and Arts.

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A., F.R.Hist.Soc.

Author of "The Squares of London," &c.

In Mr. Chancellor's brilliant survey of this fascinating period the subject has been so skilfully treated and so aptly illustrated, that the century is made to live again. The author's fund of anecdote, his picture of society, his reconstruction of vanished landmarks, and his enumeration of such as happily remain, render his book irresistible to all interested in English life and art.

\* A descriptive prospectus, with numerous specimen plates, will be sent post free on application.

### A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS

IN ENGLAND. Written and Illustrated by M. and C. H. B. QUENNELL. In two Parts: Part I. Period from 1066-1499; Part II. Period from 1500-1800. Each volume contains 200 pages, with about 100 Illustrations. Price 8s. 6d. net each.

This charming book treats of General Social Conditions, Customs, Buildings, Arts and Crafts, Travel, Games, Fairs, Markets, &c. The illustrations, all pen or colour drawings by the talented authors, are an attractive feature.

### A SHORT HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

For the Use of General Readers, Students, and Travellers. By H. H. STATHAM, F.R.I.B.A. With 700 Illustrations of the Chief Buildings of all countries and periods. Price 12s. 6d. net.

### OLD CROSSES AND LYCHGATES.

A Study of their Design and Craftsmanship. By AYMER VALLANCE, M.A., F.S.A. With over 200 Illustrations. Price 18s. net.

### ENGLISH CHURCH WOODWORK.

A Study in English Gothic Craftsmanship down to the Middle of the XVth. Century. By F. E. HOWARD and F. H. CROSSLEY. With 325 Illustrations from choice photographs. Price 35s. net.

### ENGLISH MURAL MONUMENTS AND

TOMBSTONES. A Collection of 84 full-page Photographic Plates of Wall Tablets, Table Tombs, and Headstones of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, specially selected by HERBERT BATSFORD. With an Introduction by WALTER H. GODFREY, F.S.A. Price 15s. net.

### THE ENGLISH HOME. An Account of the

Development of House Building, Decoration, and Garden Design from the time of Charles I. to George IV. By J. ALFRED GOTCH, F.S.A. With 300 Illustrations. Price 30s. net.

### THE ENGLISH INTERIOR. A Review of

the Decoration of English Homes from Tudor Times to the XIXth. Century. By ARTHUR STRATTON, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Containing 120 full-page Plates, including some in Collotype and in Colour, from special photographs and drawings. Price 24 4s. net.

### FURNITURE IN ENGLAND from 1660-1760.

By FRANCIS LENYON. With 400 Illustrations from special photographs, together with 5 Plates in Colours. Price 42 10s. net.

### BATSFORD'S COLLECTORS' LIBRARY.

Each volume forms an ideal introduction to its subject, and is fully illustrated. Price 8s. 6d. net each, except the two marked \*.

ENGLISH TABLE GLASS. By PERCY BATE. With 254 Illustrations.

OLD PEWTER. By MALCOLM BELL. With 106 Illustrations.

SHEFFIELD PLATE. By BERTIE WYLLIE. With 121 Illustrations.

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY. By A. F. KENDRICK. With 64 Illustrations.

FRENCH FURNITURE. By ANDRÉ SAGLIO. With 59 Illustrations.

DUTCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By W. P. KNOWLES. With 54 Illustrations.

\*PORCELAIN: ENGLISH AND FOREIGN. By WILLIAM BURTON. With 87 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

\*OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE. By F. FENN and B. WYLLIE. With 94 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

\*.\* Illustrated catalogue free on request.

### B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.,

94, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Publishers of Books on Fine and Applied Art, also Dealers in Old and New Books relating thereto.



example. Mr. McKenzie's moving narrative is only one among a thousand testimonies; but we advise our readers to buy his book, and stock it in their memories, so that they may know what a devilish thing a half-civilization can be. After what has happened in Ireland, one cannot afford to be too censorious; but one can still search all recent records in vain to beat the doings of Japan in Korea. Her experiment has been made on the body of a singularly interesting people. The Koreans are an intelligent, a gentle, and a singularly attractive folk. They were badly governed by their old rulers, and before and since the annexation Japan may take to herself some little credit for stirring in them the passion for improvement, which to a quite extraordinary degree is their characteristic. But there her merit ends. An Empire which sets itself both to crush and to debauch a people is an evil thing, and there is no more to be said about it. Under the rule of Tegauchi and Hasegawa, Japan committed both these crimes in Korea.

Mr. McKenzie touches incidentally on the peculiar infamy of flooding a simple peasant population with State prostitutes from Japan, and undermining their physique and morals with imported morphia and cocaine. But he gives a fuller, and also a moving and well documented account of the minutely ordered attack on their traditions, history, liberties, constitution, and of their pathetic and essentially noble resistance to this tyranny. Yet if ever there was a case for giving a charming and extremely patriotic people a trial in independence, it is that of Korea. The people (especially the women) have acquired a passion for education, and they are the one Far Eastern race which has taken to Christianity, and seems to possess a natural genius for it. But since the harsh Tegauchi succeeded the Marquis Ito in the Japanese administration, they have never had a chance. Not only has Korea lost its independence; her people have been shovelled out of all share in the government of their country. By an unbridled police system, enforced with flogging and torture, by refusing the right of free meeting, free speech, and a free Press, by wholesale exploitation, land-grabbing, and the destruction of the forests, by pouring Japanese agents and coolies into the country, by forced labor, by a deliberate crusade against Christianity, and by Japanizing the educational system, as well as by pressing material improvement on a poor and backward community at an enormous cost in debt and taxation, Japan has put herself out of court as a Liberal Power.

Korea's resistance to Japanization has had two great episodes, one of which is not yet closed. The first was the guerilla war of 1906, conducted by the well-named "Righteous Army" in the mountain districts east of Seoul. The Japanese crushed it by reducing scores of villages to ashes, and laying waste a rich and highly-cultivated territory. The second was the Korean Declaration of Independence of last year. It may fairly be called a Christian rising, for it was based purely on passive resistance, and we gather from Mr. McKenzie's story and from supporting evidence that it was unstained by outrage. Its spirit may be judged by the instructions which the leaders of this disarmed and cruelly entreated people sent out to their followers: "Whatever you do" this document ran:—

"Do not insult the Japanese,  
Do not throw stones,  
Do not hit with your fists,  
For these are the acts of Barbarians."

The barbarism was all on the side of the Japanese rulers. They arrested, beat, kicked, flogged, and tortured men, women, and young girls, exposing them naked before their police; hacked people to death in the streets; forced confessions by torture; and based on these cruelties a huge State persecution of students, which at last broke down by the weight of its falsity. They burned Christian churches, and occasionally consumed the Christians as well.\* But the Koreans have not been intimidated. The American missionaries carried the story of these atrocities home, and the scandal in the States, joined to the heroism of the people, have produced at least the promise of a more liberal régime. In itself that is

\* There is no doubt of the anti-Christian bias of the Japanese Government in Korea. Thus the fact of a missionary taking the story of David and Goliath as a lesson was regarded as an incitement to the weak Koreans to resist the might of Japan.

nothing. It may be reversed to-morrow; and it does not in the least degree meet the Korean demand for self-determination. That continues to defy the effort to drown it in blood, for the eighteen millions of Koreans are fortified by a great Manchurian emigration, as well as by American sympathy. It remains to be seen whether a Liberal Japan will now arise to reverse the annexation, and end the mixed political and religious persecution which sustains it.

#### MR. THOMAS ON MR. MASTERMAN.

"The New Liberalism." By C. F. G. MASTERMAN. (Parsons, 7s. 6d. net.)

I HAD just perused the Press reviews of my own book, "When Labor Rules," when an invitation came along to read the work of my friend Mr. Masterman in his attempt to revive Liberalism. I accepted it, and after spending a few pleasant hours in reading "The New Liberalism," which was, of course, no new gospel to me, I turned to an acquaintance, who, by the way, had severely criticized my own humble effort on the ground that it appealed rather too much to the right, and asked him to read it. He did, and this was his comment: "Lucky for you your book was published first, because your solutions are practically identical. Or is it that you and Masterman are arranging for a Lib.-Lab. Coalition?"

At first I must confess that this caustic comment disturbed me. Then I remembered the existence of a Liberal Party which had been in power—indeed, shared fairly evenly with the other party the honors of office; that Masterman himself had been a member of the Cabinet; and that notwithstanding this, scarcely one of the problems he so ably expounds in his book had yet been touched. In fact, upon looking round I could see that they had left things much worse than they found them.

And this was the retort I made to my friend: "This is simply another Liberal Party programme, made more attractive than its predecessors in order the more likely to succeed as election propaganda, afterwards to be forgotten." As evidence of this I quoted the following words of Masterman himself:—

"It has accepted as its leader a man who a few years ago it would gladly have seen destroyed, and it trusts him to guide it through present discontents with as little sacrifice of possessions as possible to a greedy and clamorous public outside."

The leader referred to, be it observed, is Mr. Lloyd George, the most advanced of all Liberal statesmen, and who is backed by a large number of Liberal members—men returned to Parliament in 1910 as stalwarts of the Liberal faith. What hope is there of such a party ever accepting the bigger and more costly principles put forward by Mr. Masterman? Alas, it is too late! People to-day will judge by past results, and the only party which gives them any hope for the future is the one not yet tried—the Labor Party.

Again, consider this excellent picture:—

"That man should stand secure in his own soul free from the old ghosts and goblins of the past, upright for the first time, and for the first time unafraid, without compulsion inflicted on body or mind by human overlordship or the blind and brutal force of chance and necessity."

Our hundreds of thousands of unemployed should be asked what this phrase means to them. Faced with hunger and starvation, ultimately compelled to accept any job no matter how degrading, their only freedom being the right to starve—life to them is all chance and necessity. We may decry materialism, but the stern realities of life compel us to realize that human happiness and liberty are inseparable from bread and butter. Mr. Masterman appeared to recognize this when he stated:—

"The war against poverty which alone can allay social unrest requires two changes. A greater effort at production and a fairer method of distribution. But Toryism resists the latter, Socialism offers no hope of securing the former, Liberalism believes it has the secret of both."

I believe no one will deny the need for increased production or the need for a fairer distribution of the world's wealth. But I am driven to ask whether this is put forward as some new problem arising out of the effects of the great World War, or is it not as old as the hills? After all the years we have had of Liberal Governments the problem still remains unsolved, in fact untouched. It remains the subject



# 'WEIGHTY OPINIONS'

"Like all the work of this master of prose description, the book is entrancingly written and forms a happy blend of science and metaphysics," says *Prof. Benjamin Moore* in *The Observer* of **THE SYSTEM OF ANIMATE NATURE**, by **Prof. J. ARTHUR THOMSON**, just issued, price 30s. net.

"This biography must be regarded as the standard life. . . . We have nothing but praise for the book," is what a reviewer in the *Baptist Times* says of **C. H. SPURGEON**, by **Rev. W. Y. FULLERTON** which has just been published, price (illustrated) 15s. net.

"Probably the most interesting plain account of the human body that has ever been written" is **Prof. J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S** opinion in *The Observer* of **THE ENGINES OF THE HUMAN BODY**, by **Prof. ARTHUR KEITH**. Illustrated. Price 12s. 6d. net.

"In it they will find something greater and more vital than theological and philosophical definitions," is what a reviewer in the *Dundee Advertiser* says of **FROM AUTHORITY TO FREEDOM**, by **L. P. JACKS**, editor of *The Hibbert Journal*. Price 12s. 6d. net.

"I have seldom gained a more living picture of personalities of the past than in this little book," says a reviewer in the *Westminster Gazette* of **AN IRISH PEER ON THE CONTINENT (1801-1803)**, by **CATHERINE WILMOT**. Price 10s. 6d. net.

"If the state of things I have foreseen is Hell, then we have earned Hell . . . but is it Hell? That depends on ourselves," says **WALTER RATHENAU** in **THE NEW SOCIETY**. Ready next week, price 6s. net.

"Of all the books called forth by the *Mayflower* Celebrations this is so far easily the most important" is what *The Manchester Guardian* reviewer says of **JOHN ROBINSON: THE PASTOR OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS**, by **WALTER H. BURGESS**. Illustrated. Price 12s. 6d. net.

The above books are published by—

**WILLIAMS & NORGATE,**  
London.

## Burns, Oates & Washbourne's Christmas Selection.

### Good Books — Best Gifts.

#### THE RULE OF ST. BENEDICT.

A Commentary. By Dom PAUL DELATTE, O.S.B., Abbot of Solesmes and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Benedictines of France. Translated by Dom JUSTIN McCANN, O.S.B. Royal 8vo, 21s.

#### THE CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO.

The 1921 Edition of this popular Year Book contains nearly 5,000 brightly-written Biographies of Catholics who are somebodies, providing "excellent reading" (*The Times*) for everybody. "Founded by Sir Francis Burnand, it is one of his 'happy thoughts' which has outlived him in ever-growing usefulness."—(*The Globe*.) Last year's issue out of print. Cloth, 5s.

#### LIFE of ST. LEONARD of PORT MAURICE.

By Father DOMINIC DEVAS, O.F.M. 5s.

#### LIFE OF ST. NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINO, O.S.A.

By Father F. FORAN, O.S.A. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.

#### THE MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE.

A Chapter in the Theology of the Immaculate. By Rev. STANISLAUS M. HOGAN, O.P. 6s.

#### THE MOTHER OF CHRIST:

or, the Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion. By Father O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.S.S.R. 7s. 6d.

"A beautiful, devout and learned book."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

#### SOME ETHICAL QUESTIONS OF PEACE AND WAR.

With special reference to Ireland. A book quoted by the Premier. By the late Rev. W. McDONALD, D.D. 3rd and Cheaper Edition. 7s. 6d.

#### THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF GRACE.

By Fr. G. H. JOYCE, S.J. Follows St. Thomas, avoids controversy and technicalities, and states the Church's teaching clearly. 6s.

### POETRY & ESSAYS.

#### FRANCIS THOMPSON.

**COLLECTED WORKS:** Three volumes—Two of poetry, One of Prose. With Portraits in Photogravure. The volumes are sold singly. 10s. each.

**SELECTED POEMS.** With Portrait. THIRTIETH THOUSAND. 7s.

**HIS LIFE.** By EVERARD MEYNELL. FOURTH EDITION. 10s.

**THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.** HUNDREDTH THOUSAND. In Japon vellum wrapper, 1s. 3d.; in velvet calf, with ribbon, 3s. 6d. Often sent as a Christmas Card.

#### ALICE MEYNELL.

**POEMS.** Cloth gilt. With a Portrait. 7s. 6d.

**ESSAYS.** Uniform with the "Poems." With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. 7s. 6d.

**HEARTS OF CONTROVERSY.** Essays. 6s.

#### GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

**POEMS.** Cloth, gilt. With a Portrait. 6s.

### THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

Edited by SHANE LESLIE. For 1921 its price will be 7s. 6d. Quarterly. Annual Subscription, 25s. post free.

"The Historic DUBLIN REVIEW."—*Cardinal Newman*.

LONDON:

28, Orchard Street, W.1.: & 8-10, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

upon which politicians build their perorations, leaving the victims to awaken later to disappointment and bitterness.

It is only recently that the Northampton boot and shoe operatives were urged to increase production. They responded, stimulated by a piece-work system. To-day, I understand, over sixty per cent. of the employees are working short time (three days a week), and large numbers are unemployed, yet the world is in dire need of boots for its starving millions.

Then what is this great secret which Mr. Masterman claims is alone in the possession of Liberalism? Is it to be more and more production, followed by an ever increasing number of unemployed, and ultimately the closing down of many factories? Or is it some new solution which was unknown during the years 1906 to 1914, when the same problem was with us, and when the Liberal Party failed to provide a remedy? These are questions which will be addressed to the young Liberals who will try to champion the cause of "The New Liberalism," and it is up to Mr. Masterman to provide the answer.

I believe this book is a genuine attempt to pull together a party torn into factions, but I am satisfied that the remedies proposed for the social evils will not unite them. On the other hand, if it is an attempt to show that others than the Labor Party see the world in poverty and can hear the cry for help, the only consolation Mr. Masterman really offers is his optimism, and he is wasting time because as soon as the time arrived for giving effect to his principles, like another distinguished statesman now almost forgotten, he would be found ploughing a lonely furrow.

The poor want help and need broad, human fellowship, but only deeds, not merely words, will satisfy them. If retirement from the heat and turmoil of politics has enabled Mr. Masterman to visualize a new world where service alone receives reward, where there is equality of opportunity, and where the highest conception of the function of Government is the assurance of human happiness, then I submit his only course is immediately to transfer his talents and gifts to the service of the only party which holds out any hope for the realization of his vision. Many in the Labor Party will welcome this New Liberalism and admire its author, but, unfortunately, past experience will compel us to ignore this new Liberal appeal: "Trust us once again."

J. H. THOMAS.

#### MR. MASTERMAN ON MR. THOMAS.

"When Labour Rules." By J. H. THOMAS. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

On the outside of Mr. Thomas's book is the Red Flag flying rather dejectedly on a red flagstaff, supported by two large red hands. Here, indeed, would seem to be a work *épâté le bourgeois*. The actual contents, however, unfold a programme of practical reform which represents, on the whole, the moderate Liberal standard. Of the Liberal régime which he describes as a possible alternative to the present Government, "it is better than the Tory only," he cheerfully remarks, "in so far as it is a stepping-stone on the way to the fulfilment of the Labor programme." His programme of Labor might better be described as a stepping-stone to the Radical ideal. In the treatment of such questions, for example, as Land Taxation, Finance, and Ireland, it falls far behind, and it will evidently require a good deal of Radical ginger to make it really progressive.

Mr. Thomas, like Bottom the weaver, will "roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say: 'Let him roar again,'" but when it is pointed out to him that "if he do it too terribly he will fright the Duchess and the ladies" so that "they would have no more discretion but to hang us" he readily agrees, and "will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale." It is a jolly, vigorous, outspoken book. It is evidently dictated, the product of the orator and not of the student, but not less interesting for that reason. You can see Mr. Thomas at work at it, marching about his room and brandishing his fist in face of an imaginary audience. Each chapter is a speech, paragraphs begin "I want to tell

you," "You see," and the like. His historical summaries leave one stunned: of the history of India in twenty sentences, the history of Ireland in ten, or the history of the world in five. Some of the digressions in their ingenuousness and candor hit one straight in the face, as, for example, after a discussion on the feeding of school children:—"One other thing while we are upon this subject," he casually remarks, "I would wipe out the present Poor Law system." Or when dealing with the question of trusts, "as a digression," he states cheerily, "it would be our policy not only to nationalize coal mines, but to municipalize the distribution of coal in the towns and urban districts." He is the master of splendid and sweeping statement, such as, if Labor rules poverty will be abolished, or if Labor rules everyone will be happy, or, perhaps the most exhilarating, "I know very well that many of the middle man's present hardships are the direct result of the war. If Labor rules in Britain and in other countries, too," he adds triumphantly, "there will be no more wars." A fleeting memory of a Mr. Hughes, once Prime Minister of a Labor Government in Australia, of the suicide of the Red International, of the attitude of Labor leaders here and elsewhere in the face of war and rumors of wars, makes one perhaps cling desperately to the League of Nations rather than to a victory of "Labor" as a means to universal peace.

Let me, in justice to this high-spirited advocacy, explain exactly what he thinks will happen "when Labor rules," and some of the reasons why he desires such things to happen, about which, he adds, "there is nothing Utopian." First, it will continue the monarchy, although it will abolish a hereditary House of Lords, for reasons at once cogent and devastating. For of "a King of England to-day," Mr. Thomas remarks, "what he may lack in the way of personal endowments is largely compensated for by a strict and severe training." Furthermore, a king is surrounded by skilled and well qualified advisers. A peer, on the other hand, he adds somewhat unkindly, "may be entirely lacking in all training, and may be remarkable for his lack of natural endowments. He may be dissipated, and utterly selfish and irresponsible." "Clearly then it is the height of un wisdom," he adds, "that he should be permitted to have any hand in the framing of the laws of his country." And he gives as a remarkable example the case of Lord Astor, who, as he says, "felt so keenly on the subject that a Bill was promoted to relieve him of the necessity of being compelled to take a title and exercise a hereditary right which he himself felt he was not fitted for."

Mr. Thomas is, however, in favor of a Second Chamber elected by the people. "When Labor Rules," a forty-hour week "is in the realm of practical politics," and "this will be accomplished as soon as Labor comes into its own." "But," he adds immediately after in a somewhat contradictory statement, "it may not come immediately." Later on, "the land, of course, should belong to the whole community." (This is almost his only allusion to the land in the volume, there being no discussion of land value taxation, or exactly how this aspiration is to be converted into reality.) "And that brings us," says Mr. Thomas cheerily, "to Nationalization. This is one of the chief planks in the Labor platform." But private enterprise may breathe freely even in face of that "plank." For all he demands is "Nationalization" (whatever that may mean) of "the monopolies and natural resources of the country," an idea which has again and again been embodied in the Radical programme. "When Labor rules, land, the mines, the railways, canals, shipping—probably also, through the municipalities, the supply of milk and bread—these essentials must all be under the absolute direction of the State." Mr. Thomas makes an almost passionate appeal for larger expenditure on public health and better housing, and in so far as he is quoting reports of present or immediately past conditions in country or city slum, his impeachment is unchallengeable. But in practical reform he is a little disappointing. "The policy of Labor would be the extension of the garden-suburb idea." But "changes cannot be made rapidly." "It will not be the policy of a Labor Government to nationalize houses." He speaks with enthusiasm of working men owning their own houses. He speaks with a kind of fury of the working man's parlor, "the poky, small box of a room," which "should be entirely obliterated." "Take away this fusty unused room," he commands with a

## Mr. MURRAY'S NEWBOOKS

### THE VICTORY AT SEA

By Rear-Admiral W. S. SIMS

*The Times*.—"A notable book in the best possible spirit. A story of stirring times and great deeds told in a generous and gallant way."

*Daily Mail*.—"An inspiring book, generous and just to the British Navy and people."

21s. net.

### SEABORNE TRADE

By C. ERNEST FAYLE. Vol. 1. The Cruiser Period. A section of the HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. Based on Official Documents prepared by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. With Case of Maps.

21s. net.

### JOHN GORELL BARNES

FIRST LORD GORELL, 1848-1913. A Memoir by J. E. G. De MONTMORENCY. With an Introduction by Ronald, Third Lord Gorell. Illustrated.

16s. net.

### ADVENTURES IN WARS

OF THE REPUBLIC AND CONSULATE. By A. MOREAU DE JONNES. Translated by Brigadier-General A. J. ABDY, C.B.

18s. net.

### A HANDBOOK of INDIAN ART

By E. B. HAVELL, Author of "The Ideals of Indian Art." A concise and authoritative survey of Indian Sculpture, Architecture and Painting. With 152 Illustrations.

25s. net.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

## JOHN LANE'S NEW BOOKS

### A DWELLER IN MESOPOTAMIA

By DONALD MAXWELL, Author of "Adventures with a Sketch Book," "The Last Crusade," &c. Crown 4to.

Full of remarkable drawings in colour, monochrome, and line of Baghdad, Amara, Babylon, and the neighbouring country, this book makes an ideal gift.

25s. net.

### MACEDONIA

#### A PLEA FOR THE PRIMITIVE

By A. GOFF and HUGH A. FAWCETT, M.R.C.S. With Drawings in colour, pencil and line by Hugh A. Fawcett. Demy 8vo.

21s. net.

An intensely interesting study of Macedonia and its people, illustrated by a series of beautiful drawings.

### LEACOCK'S LATEST SUCCESS

"A new book by Stephen Leacock is the best sort of present Christmas can bring, and his latest volume of stories is as full of gems as our old friend's 'Literary Lapses,' and 'Nonsense Novels.'"—*Evening Standard*.

### WINSOME WINNIE

#### AND OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

5s. net.

### THE HAND IN THE DARK

By ARTHUR J. REES, Author of "The Shrieking Pit," &c.

9s. net.

"A good detective story is quite an incentive to holiday enjoyment, and I hasten to recommend on this account 'The Hand in the Dark,' . . . warranted to make a long railway journey pass like a flash, or a dull evening an occasion of tense excitement."—*Evening News*.

### OVER THE FIRESIDE (WITH SILENT FRIENDS)

By RICHARD KING, Author of "With Silent Friends," "Passion and Pot-Pourri," &c. With an introduction by SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, Bt., G.B.E.

"Mr. King is one of the masters of the causerie."—*The Times*.

6s. net.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO ST., W.1



## THE LONDON LITERARY LOUNGE.

*The Booklovers' Bookshop.*

The London Literary Lounge has in stock new and standard publications on the Fine Arts, Economics, Sociology, History, Travel, and indeed all subjects, including the latest Poetry and Fiction: the Booklover is invited to visit the Lounge, and is assured that the obligation to purchase is non-existent.

### *Books for Christmas Presents.*

At this season the Christmas Present is in everyone's thoughts. A book makes an ideal present, for in endless variety of style there are books for every mood and every age. Among this year's Christmas books are many works illustrated by well-known artists, and we have a good selection of books in fine bindings.

Children's books—illustrated for the little ones—and stories by their favourite authors for the elder boys and girls find a place on our shelves.

Catalogue on application.

**REMAINDERS.**—A large section is devoted to books in new condition at **GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.** A list will be sent on request, but as it contains only a small selection of titles from our stock of these reduced books we should welcome inquiries or a personal inspection of our shelves.

## ITALIAN BOOK SOCIETY.

### COMMITTEE:

Sir FREDERICK KENYON, K.C.B., Director of the British Museum, Chairman.

Sir JOHN Y. W. MACALISTER, F.S.A., Secretary of the Royal Society of Medicine.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, Esq., LL.D., Librarian of the London Library.

Professor EDMUND GARDNER, Litt.D., Universities of London and Manchester.

Professor CESARE FOLIGNO, University of Oxford.

EDWARD BULLOUGH, M.A., University of Cambridge.

Commendatore ARTHUR SERENA, J.P., F.R.G.S.

EDWARD HUTTON, Esq.

T. BOSTON BRUCE, Esq., Counsel to the Italian Embassy.

Signorina De CASTELVECCHIO, University of London.

Mrs. G. M. TREVELYAN.

Mrs. AUBREY WATERFORD.

Secretary: Miss GERTRUDE M. FAULDING.

The above society has been formed with the approval of the Italian and British Governments for the encouragement of Italian studies in this country and for facilitating the sale of books. A convenient centre has been found in the **LONDON LITERARY LOUNGE**, where visitors may see modern and standard Italian literature, periodicals, catalogues, works of reference, and the most highly recommended educational books.

Art and music also will be represented, and lovers of Italian culture, who are cordially invited to the Lounge, need feel under no obligation to purchase books. Every attempt will be made to assist the inquirer and the student, and Italian visitors to England will be warmly welcomed.

## TRUSLOVE and HANSON Ltd.

*English and Foreign Booksellers,*

14a, CLIFFORD ST. (One door from Bond St.) LONDON, W.1.



fine gesture. Whether when Labor rules and the working men own their own houses they will be prohibited by law from making "parlors" of any rooms in their houses does not exactly appear, although the cryptic phrase used by this reformer might awaken the darkest forebodings.

Perhaps it is in dealing with finance that Mr. Thomas excites most uncertainty as to what will happen "When Labor Rules." He hopes when Labor comes into power there will be only one tax, income tax. "We stand absolutely for the entire abolition of all indirect taxation." So vanishes all the revenue, at one sweep, from customs and excise, and the people will be cheered by the knowledge they will get cheap whisky, cheap champagne, and cheap cigars. Somewhat inconsistently, he immediately asserts "Death duties would remain, very much so," and even be increased "enormously." On the other hand, the "middle man," by which he means the middle-class man, will be largely relieved, even of this solitary income tax, for, "in the first place, the limit below which no tax is charged will be far higher than at present." "Possibly the £500 a year man will only pay on £100," and then at a small rate. Above this figure there must be a margin when taxation will be small. "The man with a family to clothe and educate—the number of children will, of course, be taken into consideration—hasn't much left over for extravagant luxuries, even on £1,000 a year." "Greater taxes on the greater incomes," is his solution, "will suffice to cover the allowances made to this man and his type." But greater taxes on these greater incomes are also going to provide for enormously increased expenditure on health, housing, and education, on Old Age Pensions to all at the age of sixty in increasing amount, on the Army and Navy, which he is careful to assert "a Labor Government will still keep up efficiently," for the abolition of the excess profits tax, for a great army of University Extension lectures, arts and crafts for those who think they have a bent for them, the endowment of motherhood, gymnastic exercises, and a national opera. And meanwhile these greater incomes are going to be slashed into by enormously increased death duties, by a capital levy, which is very moderately placed by Mr. Thomas at £1,000,000,000, and by the reduction of work to a forty hour week. The idea itself is admirable, and all men under £1,000 a year will be glad to know they will pay a negligible income tax as their sole contribution to the State, and get their tobacco, their entertainments, and their liquor free of duty, the latter in State provided public-houses. And all at the expense of the few rich.

It is true that he hopes to increase production by making all the "idlers" work. But as the compulsion will only extend to them doing some kind of work of their own choice, and as almost every "idler" in England to-day believes that he is working, it is doubtful if such a policy will greatly swell the national revenue. But Mr. Thomas might plead the general excuse which he offers in his rather remarkable adventure into the question of international currency. "It is true that I suppose for a very long time to come," he laments, "even under a Labor Government, it will be necessary to retain the Stock Exchange. But I certainly hope that there would not be such a feeling for exploiting people as now exists." That raises "the very interesting question of what is a reasonable return for capital. Here no fixed rule or principle can be applied for many obvious reasons." However, in these and similar high matters his general appeal appears to cover the situation. "These reforms, if they could be accomplished—and I am only throwing it out here in quite a speculative way—would help to stabilize the world in general, as well as balance up the benefits of life among all human beings."

Liberals will have little criticism of Mr. Thomas's desire to "stabilize the world in general." The controversy would rather be on points of detail and on the emphasis given to various spheres of policy. Mr. Thomas has very little to say by way of emphasis on international affairs, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, and the restoration of a world peace. It is true these come into his exposition, but they do not occupy the centre of it. Far more attention is given, for example, to his scheme for nationalizing the liquor trade, in which he is fiercely opposed by his colleague on the Liquor Control Board, Mr. Snowden. "Mr. Bung

must go," says Mr. Thomas. But "Mr. Bung" is going with some hundreds of millions of State money, as he agreed to "go" when Mr. Lloyd George wanted to buy him out in 1915. But why he should "go" with the booty, leaving the State with (if the Local Option is given, which Mr. Thomas also advocates) a declining trade and a trade which, although no taxes are to be laid on its products, it is in the interest of the State itself to reduce or extinguish, remains unexplained. These subjects of slight criticisms, however, do not detract from the interest of the book, which can be commended both as a revelation of Labor's present outlook and an exhibition of its future aspirations.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

#### THE FIELD NATURALIST.

"The Birds of the British Isles and their Eggs." Series I. and II. By T. A. COWARD. With colored illustrations by ARCHIBALD THORBURN, and photographs by RICHARD KEARTON. (Warne. 12s. 6d. each volume.)

NOT only the few naturalists who for years have taught—mostly in vain—that the only way to understand wild life is to observe it patiently where it lives, and that to prepare in laboratories for South Kensington certificates is just what the badly educated would do, but parents who are anxious that children should be able to read the signs and lessons of the countryside as well as the printed word and the lessons of human history, must be grateful to Messrs. Warne for their series of nature volumes. We remember their first volume, "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," published about twenty years ago, and they who possess the first edition, with its exquisite colored plates of some of our wild flowers, by a French artist we think, are very lucky.

The high standard of these handbooks—they can be carried about easily—is well maintained in these two volumes on British birds by Mr. Coward. There is scarcely a boy whose curiosity, with its high potential value, and whose predatory instinct, with its usual possibility of cancelling out what social value there may be in his curiosity, can resist a bird's nest. And there is scarcely a boy who, with the right guidance, would not realize that there is more fun to be got in guarding that nest and watching what happens there than in robbing it. This is the right bird-book for a boy. If he does not become a genuine field naturalist under Mr. Coward's guidance then he has not got it in him.

But it should not be thought this book is only for beginners. It is a serious contribution to science. There are nearly 800 pages of field notes for the recognition of all the birds on the British list. Their life habits are given, from the exhaustive and co-related notes of many observers, and their measurements. It is certainly the best handbook on our birds that we have. Used in conjunction with that longer treatise, the "Practical Handbook of British Birds" (which really is not a handbook), edited by Mr. H. F. Witherby, a student of birds is equipped as fully as is necessary.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

IN the large selection from this season's publications noticed in last week's NATION, there was no reference to "Awakening," by John Galsworthy, illustrated by R. H. Sauter (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). Though children would be attracted by Mr. Sauter's pictures of little Jon's life and his dreams, up to the time when he discovered his mother, which occupy some of the pages and all the margins, we think that parents themselves would be more likely to understand Mr. Galsworthy's charming little story of the awakening of a boy's mind. "Beautiful Butterflies of the Tropics," painted and described by Arthur Twidle (R.T.S., 12s.), is a book illustrating exotic lepidoptera from Central Africa, the East Indies, and the Amazons, well calculated to destroy the peace of mind of any boy who hitherto has dreamed of nothing beyond a Camberwell Beauty. The specimens figured well show some brilliant examples of what are, perhaps, the most vivid of living creatures. We wish to draw attention also to the well-designed and nicely printed reprints for children, the "Queen's Treasures Series" (Bell, 5s.). Among the volumes recently added are "Carrots," by Mrs. Molesworth, and "Lost Legends of the Nursery Songs," by Mary Senior Clark.

## The New Psychology and its Relation to Life.

By A. G. TANSLEY. 10s. 6d. *Second Impression.*

An attempt to combine the various lines of modern psychological research in a unified picture of the human mind and its activities.

"It is difficult to do anything but advise all who take even a slight interest in the mind of man, in politics, sociology, education, religion, or art, to buy the book and read every word of it. . . . between this book and all previous expositions of the Freudian doctrine there is a world of difference. . . . the book is inspired by a strict and noble optimism."—*Nation*.

"Since the appearance, now many years ago, of McDougall's 'Introduction to Social Psychology,' no psychological work more fascinating or more important to the general public has appeared than this . . . an exceedingly temperate and thoroughly trustworthy account of present-day psychology."—*Lancet*.

"An extraordinarily interesting book."—*Truth*.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, Ltd., 40, Museum St., London, W.C.1

AN EXAMINATION OF PRESENT-DAY INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS BY ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF ECONOMISTS

## IMAGINATION, LABOUR, CIVILISATION.

BY  
EINAR SUNDT.

Demy 8vo.

20/- net.

HEINEMANN

### TWO NOTABLE BOOKS OF REMARKABLE INTEREST TO-DAY.

"THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD." Price 5s.

An answer to the world problem which faces human society universally, and of supreme interest and importance at the present time.

"THE RISE AND CONSUMMATION OF THE AEON." Price 6/-.

A book that will stagger many minds, but will enlighten all thinking people who seriously contemplate the present day with fear and suspense.

Both Books by the Rev. HOLDEN EDWARD SAMPSON, Author of "Progressive Creation," "Progressive Redemption," "Theou Sophia," etc.

Obtainable from the Publishers:—

W. RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4,  
or direct from the Author,  
13, St. Alban's Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Those who wish to commemorate the gallant death on the field of honour of a Husband, a Son, or a Brother, or to pay a lasting tribute to a Relative or Friend, may, by presenting a Life-Boat, provide

### A NOBLE MEMORIAL,

a living instrument for the saving of valuable lives, and the means of maintaining among our maritime population the qualities of courage, endurance and humanity, which are the best characteristics of our race, and which have so greatly contributed to the achievement of victory.

### A MOTOR LIFE-BOAT COSTS £8,000.

Full endowment in perpetuity £17,975.

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,  
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C. 2.



## BURBERRYS' SALE

Half-Price During December.

A CLEAN SWEEP OF ACCUMULATED STOCK  
Men's & Women's Suits, Weatherproofs, Overcoats.

NO PROFIT SEEKING.

Examples—

Weatherall Topcoats. Sale Price 5 Gns.  
Lounge Suits. Sale Price 5 & 7 Gns.  
Burberry Costumes. Sale Price 7 Gns.

SEASON PRESENTS—Underwear, Outfitting, Night-wear. PIECE SILKS of every description HALF PRICE. All neatly Boxed.

Write for Men's and Women's Full Sale List.

BURBERRYS LTD. Haymarket LONDON S.W.1



Send for this  
book of the

# LIBRACO PORTABLE BOOK SHELVING

IT tells you all about the wonderful bookshelving that adapts itself to your books, grows with the need and is added to by unit parts only.

IT describes in detail the most ingenious form of bookshelving yet produced. The shelves can be instantly adjusted to any position. The shelving may be extended at less cost than by any other system.

RIGID, durable, reliable and good looking. For over fifteen years this shelving has been giving perfect service to thousands of book lovers.

LET this book show you how to house your books economically. Get the book of—*The Shelving that grows with your needs.*

Write Dept. M.

LIBRACO, LTD  
62 CANNON ST. LONDON, E.C.4

Manchester: Hunter-Libraco, 28, St. Mary's Parsonage.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

MARK TAPLEY would find conditions in the City this week worthy of his mettle. But Mark Tapleys are not to be found there to-day; indeed there must be few who even share Micawber's degree of optimism about something turning up. In fact the general sentiment may be more properly likened to that of Mrs. Gummidge. But—if one may carry the Dickensian simile a little further—if the City differs from Mr. Micawber on this ground, it has adopted and applied to the problem of national finance his theory that the only secret of happiness is to keep within your income. Public retrenchment is the subject of the moment. Business men and associations are vying with one another in putting out lower and lower figures as the maximum for next year's expenditure. The sum of 800 millions at present holds the record for lowness. But when debt charges and war pensions absorb something approaching £500 millions, and prices are two-and-a-half times what they were in 1914, this would, perhaps, be too much to expect, even if a Gladstone were at the Treasury. Still, it is perhaps better to ask for too much than too little; and the growing rivalry in retrenchment demands is about the most favorable point in the present situation.

The exchanges have suffered another attack of feverish instability, and—the most important movement for us—there has been a fresh break in the U.S. rate. Stock markets groan under liquidation. The new issue campaign continues, but is slackening a little. One wonders how long it can avoid drying up altogether, for new issues are meeting every week with a worse fate, the support accorded by the public to the Seven Towns Loan being almost ludicrous in its paucity. Underwriters are choked with undigested stocks or shares on which the banks will not lend; while the public have learnt that if they want a new security—which they usually do not—they can be sure of getting it on the market at a comfortable discount, if they wait a little. The time would seem to be very near when underwriters will stop new issues by refusing to underwrite, until they have had a rest for digestion.

## INSIDE OR OUTSIDE BROKER?

Outside brokers—that is, brokers who are not members of the recognized Stock Exchanges—seem to be more active than ever just now with their circulars and other attempts to get the investor's business. There are, of course, respectable and trustworthy firms of outside brokers. There are also—the reverse. For the ordinary investor without wide experience of the financial world it is a very sound rule to employ for investment business either a broker who is a member of a recognized Stock Exchange, or the manager of the bank where he keeps his account. The advantages for the investor in dealing through an "inside" broker rather than an "outside" firm are many and substantial. If you deal with a Stock Exchange firm, you at least may be confidently certain that you are dealing with a firm of recognized probity, who, moreover, even supposing they did not treat a client honestly, would be liable to be hauled over the coals by the Stock Exchange Committee and suspended. Dealing with the outside broker, you may, unless you know the ropes thoroughly, make an unfortunate choice. Then again, if you want to buy a stock or share quoted on the Stock Exchange, the inside broker can do the transaction for you cheaper than the outside. For in such a case the outside broker has to deal through an inside broker and pay his fees, which he adds to his own and to your bill. If, on the other hand, you feel tempted by some circular to purchase some share, unquoted on the Stock Exchange, but offered to you by some outside broker, you will be wise, especially if you are a man of modest means, to assume that the share thus "touted" is wholly unsuitable for you. Members of Stock Exchanges are not permitted to advertise. But a list of members may always be had on application to the Secretary of the Stock Exchange. Outside brokers live by advertisement. Some of them scatter broadcast through the post the most alluring offers of shares, which have only to be bought to yield

wonderful results. I counsel my readers most emphatically to make it a rule of life to commit such offers to the waste-paper basket. In any case, never respond to one of these offers without taking the opinion of a responsible financial adviser. If there really is a wonderful investment opportunity on the market, the inside, or Stock Exchange, broker can obtain it for you just as well as the outside man, and you will run no unavoidable risk in the process.

## INSURANCE SHARES.

After the turn of the year insurance companies' reports will soon begin to trickle out. The stream of reports will swell in February and March, and will not dry up until May. With this report season approaching, the merits of shares in the insurance market might be considered. Small investors should, however, not overlook the liability existing on so many of the shares. I set out below recent quotations and yields for fourteen prominent shares:—

	Share or Stock.	Paid Up.	Prices of 1920. High'st. Low'st.	Div. for 1919.	Price Dec. 8, 1920.	Present Yield £ s. d.
Alliance	20	21-5	15½ 9½	14/- p.s.	10	7 0 0
Atlas	10	11-5	19½ 13½	12/- p.s.	14	4 5 9†
Commercial Un	5	2½	35 24½	18/6 p.s.	25½	3 13 0†
Guardian	3	½	8 11-16	5½ 6/- p.s.	5½	5 11 6
London and Lancashire	5	1	11½ 9½	50/- p.s.†	10½	—
North British & Mercantile	25	6½	66 40½	47/6 p.s.	42½	5 11 9
Northern	10	1	21½ 13	80 %	14	5 13 0
Phoenix	10	1	13½ 8	60 %	6½	7 6 0
Royal Exchange Stock	100	590	360 16 %	16 %	330	4 4 0
Royal	5	1½	23½ 16½	80 %	17	5 18 0
Sea	1	1	6½ 3 13-32	13½ %	3½	3 13 ½
State	8	1	10½ 6½	30 %	6½	4 8 9
Sun	10	2	19½ 13½	18/- p.s.	13½x.	6 13 ½
Yorkshire	5	½	15½ 7½	7/- p.s.	7½	4 10 3†

† Free of Income Tax. ‡ Paid on £25 shares with £2½ paid up.

The yields shown in the above table are based upon the total dividends for the year 1919. In some instances the interim dividends on account of the year 1920 are at a higher rate than those declared at the same period in 1919. I have left the yield on London & Lancashire Insurance blank as the 1919 distribution was on the old capital and only an interim dividend has been paid, so far, on the new capital. It will be seen that quotations generally are at present a very long way below the highest touched this year, and only a little above the lowest. One or two good announcements in the New Year might be expected to impart strength to the market. There seems no reason to doubt that 1920 results will show a very big turnover of business, at any rate in the life and general departments. Competition in the insurance world is getting more and more keen, and investors will therefore do well as a rule to confine their attention to companies of proved stability. Some of the recently born companies will doubtless have a very hard fight. Some, however, seem to have made a good start. The recent meeting, for instance, of the young Liverpool Marine & General heard a most optimistic speech from the Chairman. This Company's shares are shortly, I believe, to be quoted on the Liverpool Stock Exchange.

## WAR DIVIDENDS AND FLOATING DEBT.

On December 1st the Government distributed nearly £50,000,000 in War Loan dividends, and were driven to meet the obligation by the old inflation process. The result was seen in last week's Bank returns, where the Proportion declined to 7.6 per cent., and in Tuesday's revenue, which showed an increase of over £67,000,000 in the floating debt. Over £37 millions were added to Ways and Means Advances, while sales of Treasury Bills—into which much of the War Loan dividends apparently flowed—exceeded sales by £30,000,000. Treasury Bonds, helped by some Exchequer Bond conversions, were entered at £2,000,000 for the week. The week's figures are of course abnormal, and successive floating debt reductions are looked for. A steady influx of gold into the Bank of England is a good augury for a much stronger Bank position after the turn of the year.

L. J. R.



ly  
e-  
se  
al  
r-  
er  
ad

ts  
ill  
til  
ts  
ill  
ng  
na

nt  
ld  
i.  
0  
9+  
0+  
6

9  
0  
0  
0  
0  
3  
9  
3  
3+

tal  
im  
ate  
eft  
he  
im  
ill  
mg  
tle  
he  
he  
lts  
he  
nce  
ill  
to  
orn  
me,  
ent  
&  
an.  
on

arly  
eef  
was  
ion  
ich  
bt.  
es,  
ar  
by  
uer  
ek.  
ive  
of  
uch